

1906



The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

The Morning Watch.

*Edited by the Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A.,
Greenock.*

1906. ✓

Volume Nineteen.



EDINBURGH & GLASGOW :

GREENOCK :

LONDON :

JOHN MENZIES & CO., LTD. JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, LTD. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Contents.

Illustrations—

REASONS FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH: *8th Series.*

	Page
1.—“Weak Eyes,” ...	5
2.—“Heart Affected,” ...	23
3.—“The Children in the Seat Behind,”	35
4.—“No Footstool in his Seat,” ...	47
5.—“The Minister's Disagreeable Voice,” ...	59
6.—“Nervousness,” ...	71
7.—“Minister too Fond of the Gentry,” ...	83
8.—“A Good Reason, but he won't tell it,”	95
9.—“Favourite Bible Ruined,” ...	106
10.—“Anniversary of his Mother's Death,” ...	119
11.—“Bashfulness,” ...	131
12.—“Minister wouldn't buy Tickets for a Raffle,”	142

Acorns, - - - - -	138	Lazy man's Load, - - - - -	49
Boy and Goat, - - - - -	125	Lintel, An old - - - - -	103
Brambles, - - - - -	113	Lost Opportunity, - - - - -	73
Cats, - - - - -	117	Monkey-Puzzle, - - - - -	20
Church, - - - - -	25, 44	Motors, - - - - -	121
Cocoa-nut, - - - - -	1	Oak Tree, - - - - -	5
Cool of the Day, - - - - -	85	Old Couple, - - - - -	69
Crocus, - - - - -	29	Old Woman, - - - - -	8
Currants, - - - - -	91	“Owe no man anything,” - - - - -	42
Daffodil, - - - - -	40	Pansies, - - - - -	77
“Don't move, Geraldine !” - - - - -	109	Primroses, - - - - -	53
Ducks, - - - - -	133	“Rest Here,” - - - - -	61
Father's Dinner, - - - - -	97	Sand-glass, - - - - -	140
Flitting, A Neighbour's - - - - -	78	Sea-weed Gatherers, - - - - -	127
Garden Walk, - - - - -	93	Sheep, - - - - -	54
Good-bye to the Swallows, - - - - -	102	Snowdrops, - - - - -	19
Half-past Ten, - - - - -	11	Squirrel, - - - - -	13
Hawthorn, - - - - -	67	Sweet Peas, - - - - -	89
Hide-and-Seek, - - - - -	37	Things off the Straight, - - - - -	30
Iris, - - - - -	104	Third Commandment, Breaking the - - - - -	114

Rhymes.

Bramble Bush, The - - - - -	115	“The King's Own E.T.C.'s,” - - - - -	80
Cocoa-nut, The - - - - -	2	The Widow's Goat, - - - - -	124
Crocus, The - - - - -	29	Yellow Flowers, - - - - -	53
Daffodils, - - - - -	40		

Stories.

Banana Skins, - - - - -	55	Little Pilot, The - - - - -	126
Boy who took the Currants, The - - - - -	90	Mr. Lindores, W.S., - - - - -	42
Broken Jugs, The - - - - -	7	Two Currant Shoots, The - - - - -	68
"Don't move, Geraldine!" - - - - -	117	"Woodman, Spare that Tree!" - - - - -	20
Iris, The - - - - -	103		

What is Thy Name?

See

Millicent, - - - - -	3	Philippa, - - - - -	38, 51
Miriam, - - - - -	3	Phoebe, - - - - -	52, 63
Muriel, - - - - -	4	Phyllis, - - - - -	63, 74
Olive, Olivia, - - - - -	4, 15	Pleasance, - - - - -	75
Olympia, - - - - -	16	Priscilla, - - - - -	75, 87
Patience, - - - - -	27	Prudence, - - - - -	99
Patricia, - - - - -	17	Rachel, - - - - -	100, 111
Penelope, - - - - -	17, 27	Rebecca, - - - - -	123
Penuel, - - - - -	28	Robina, - - - - -	137
Philadelphia, - - - - -	26		

Bramble Slasher, The - - - - -	115	"Mearum Aurium Dominus," - - - - -	103
Bundle of Life, The - - - - -	105	"Morning Hours are best," - - - - -	50
"Delays are not Denials," - - - - -	31	Murdoch, John, LL.D., - - - - -	86
"Did take their Food with Gladness," - - - - -	122	"Never Despairing," - - - - -	94
Dreyfus, - - - - -	98	New Zealand Football Team, - - - - -	32
Ena's Marriage, The Princess - - - - -	14	Not at Home, - - - - -	79
Eye Service, - - - - -	118	Prayer, Answered - - - - -	74
"God be in my Head," - - - - -	17	Reproof, A Wise - - - - -	38
Henry, John - - - - -	33	"Rest Here," - - - - -	62
Henry, Matthew - - - - -	110	San Francisco Fortune-Tellers, - - - - -	64
Israelite Indeed, An - - - - -	41	Scheppler, Louisa - - - - -	2
Last First, The - - - - -	134	Service, Hearty - - - - -	139
Lazy Man's Load, - - - - -	54	Smoking, - - - - -	94
Lost the Twopence! - - - - -	141	"This is Ramchandra," - - - - -	26
Mark Twain's Susy, - - - - -	135		

Some Short Stories and Sayings, Illustrative of Texts,

will be found on pp. 12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 132, 144.

January, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 1.



A happy New Year Party.

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., XVI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

1st January,

ABOUT eighty years ago there died in France a Protestant minister named Oberlin, who did so much for the people of Alsace, for their bodies and minds as well as for their souls, that even in his life-time his fame spread over Europe, and his countrymen still lovingly remember him.

When his wife died, a young woman who had been eight years a servant in the house, and had helped her master and her mistress in their many charitable works, became house-keeper. After so serving for other nine years, she wrote this letter to her master.

"1 January, 1793.

Allow me, at the begining of a new year, to ask a favour I have long desired. As I have no longer my father nor his debts to attend to, I beg of you not to refuse me the great favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages, but, as you treat me like one of your children in all other respects, treat me like one of them in this also. I need but little to keep me. My shoes, and stockings, and sabots (wooden shoes) will cost something,

but when I need them I can ask you for them as a child does its father. I entreat you, dear father, to grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter,

LOUISA SCHEPPLER.

Her request, of course, was granted, and in due time she became almost as famous as Pastor Oberlin himself for her good deeds. In 1829 the French Academy awarded her £200, one of the yearly "prizes for virtue" founded by the Baron de Montyon.

Now, I wish you boys and girls on this New Year's Day to write a letter to God. You can do it in your minds, but it is much better to do it on paper with pen and ink. Tell Him that you wish to be something better than a servant in His house, and that you are now going to be His son, or His daughter, and that He is to be your Father, and Jesus Christ your Saviour and your Elder Brother, and the Holy Ghost your Guide and Companion, for ever and for ever.

The Cocoa Nut.

O Brave Tom-tits! ye trust the Nut
That by a string is holden!
And when the rude winds blow, ye but
Your hearts the more embolden.

And we, whose foothold is a Star
Girt round and round with promises,
Have neither joy nor peace, but are
Poor unbelieving Thomases!

Teach us the confidence of hope
Who are at life's beginning,
And us upon the downward slope
The mystery of clinging.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27. C, 110.

(Continued from Vol. 18, page 136.)

What
is thy
name?

These Notes on Women's Names were begun in January, 1899, and the following have been gone over. In 1899, Abigail, Adah, Adelaide, Agnes, Alice, Alison, Amelia, Annie; in 1900, Arabella, Augusta, Barbara, Beatrice, Bethia, Blanche, Bridget, Candace, Caroline, Catherine, Cecilia, Charlotte, Christina, Clara; in 1901, Clotilda, Constance, Cordelia, Cornelia, Deborah, Dorothy, Edith, Eleanor, Elizabeth, Elspeth, Emily, Emma, Esther, Eunice, Euphemia; in 1902, Flora, Florence, Frances, Georgiana, Gertrude, Grace, Grizel, Gulielma, Hannah, Helen, Henrietta, Hester; in 1903, Isabella, Jane, Janet, Jean, Jemima, Joan, Jocosa, Joyce, Judith, Julia; in 1904, Juliana, Laura, Letitia, Lettice, Lily, Louisa, Lucy, Lydia, Mabel, Magdalen, Margaret; and in 1905, Marian, Marianne, Marion, Marjory, Martha, Matilda, Maud, May, Mercy, Mildred, Millicent—80 in all. There are now only about 30 still to do, so that, if all goes well, those who have been waiting patiently these six years will not be kept out much longer.

Many years ago, one Friday, in the Greek Class-room in Edinburgh University, I heard Professor Blackie ask a Highland student the meaning of his name. "I don't know, sir," said the lad. "You don't know the meaning of your own name? Well, then, find out, and let me know on Monday—no, better say Tuesday, for if I say Monday you'll be thinking about it on Sabbath instead of listening to the sermon!"

It is a good thing to know the meaning of one's name, and a good thing to have a pretty name, but if you are good yourself, you will add a new beauty to it, and even if your name be plain or rough or commonplace, it will sound sweet in the ear both of God and man; and if it has no meaning in itself, make *yourself* and make *your character* its meaning, and people will give God thanks every time they hear it mentioned.

Milli-
cent.

The late Sir George Grove, a man who did great service to literature and music in our country, said of his daughter MILLICENT STANLEY that her companionship made his continental tours a regular honeymoon. "Our journeys were like those of lovers." When he was sending her to Germany he had the fear many a parent has: "it may make her plucky, but will it make her too self-reliant?" She was of great use to him in his work; "she took care of my papers, knew the place of everything, and had a particular knack about it all." She died in 1887, aged 25. A few days afterwards her father wrote thus to a friend: "Her head was the most ideal thing I ever saw. It was as I knew her, but so raised and idealised as it might be at the Resurrection. It was an astonishing change. I don't say *glorified*, because the prevailing air was naturalness, but perfectly *idealised*."

Miriam.

MIRIAM is the Hebrew form of MARY.—It was Miriam's wise speech to Pharaoh's daughter, when she was six years old, that, under God,

What
is thy
name?

changed the whole course of human history ; it was her voice, when she was eighty-six, that led the women of Israel in their first song of victory ; and it was her jealousy of her sister-in-law that delayed the whole host of Israel, two million people, a whole week in the desert. (Numb. 12.)

Miriam.

" But MIRIAM LANE was good and garrulous."—*Enoch Arden*.

Muriel.

MURIEL in Tennyson's poem, *The Ring*, is the name of a woman who won a husband by pretending to be fond of his little motherless babe MIRIAM, but after marriage "sickened of the farce," "dropt the gracious mask of motherhood," displayed her true character, and made her own life and her husband's miserable.

Olive.

OLIVIA is the maiden's name cut out by her lover Walter in the bark of *The Talking Oak*, another of Tennyson's poems.

" Say thou, whereon I carved her name,
If ever maid or spouse
As fair as my Olivia came
To rest beneath thy boughs."

The Oak replies, that, though it is very old, and "circles in the grain five hundred rings of years,"

" Yet, since I first could cast a shade,
Did never creature pass
So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass."

The lover then asks if Olivia has been coming to see the Oak lately, and when he is told she was there no later than yesterday, asks further if she seemed to notice her own name carved on it.

" O yes, she wandered round and round
These knotted knees of mine,
And found, and kissed the name she found,
And sweetly murmured thine.

" A teardrop trembled from its source,
And down my surface crept.
My sense of touch is something coarse,
But I believe she wept.

" Then flushed her cheek with rosy light,
She glanced across the plain ;
But not a creature was in sight :
She kissed me once again.

" Her kisses were so close and kind,
That, trust me on my word,
Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
But yet my sap was stirr'd :

" And even into my inmost ring
A pleasure I discerned,
Like those blind motions of the Spring,
That show the year is turned."



Reasons for not going to Church. Stb Series.—No. 1.

This young woman, a University Gold-Medallist in Logic, goes to all the Orchestral Concerts, and as her eyes are weak, and the electric light hurts them, sits all the time with her eyes closed.

"But does it not annoy you to have the people looking at you?" a friend asked.

"Not in the least, because, don't you see, I give all my mind to the music and I don't know that they are looking at me. And what if they do? Let



them look. One won't do much in this world if one is put about by a little thing like that."

"Why don't you go to church?" she was asked the week after.

"Because that great window over the pulpit hurts my eyes."

"But you could shut them."

"Yes," she said, "and have all the people staring at me!"

"But your seat is the very backmost in the area, and the people are all in front of you."

"Quite true, but they would turn round and look."

"And no wonder," her friend said, "for it is not every day we get the chance of gazing at such a great logician."

The Broken Jugs.

In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses Holy unto the Lord; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holy unto the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 14, 20. R.V.

CHAPTER I.

OUR young minister had been only ten weeks with us when he preached on that text, and we all listened with great interest. It wasn't the kind of text we had been used to. He told us that the dishes in our houses, before they could be holy to the Lord, must be

1. Beautifully made.
2. Honestly worked and paid for.
3. Nicely kept, and
4. Worthily used.

When he was talking about the 1st head, some of the women folks felt a little ashamed of the cups and saucers so twisted in the firing that they wouldn't sit level, which they had bought the week before as great bargains from a travelling china merchant. When he came to the 4th head, and said a dish wasn't worthily used if the food that was put in it wasn't well cooked and judiciously varied, some of the men in church nudged their wives, and when the minister said the food should be hallowed with a blessing, and taken not only as a gift from God but as an offer of Christ, and this implied that it should be eaten not only contentedly but thankfully, some of the wives nudged their husbands back in turn.

But the bit of the sermon that struck us most at the time was what he said about *Broken Jugs*. You see our minister was young, and was

then at the Ruskin and Carlyle stage of his reading—a very good stage, too, provided a man doesn't stop too long at it—and he spoke with great earnestness against the sin of having jugs and other dishes on our shelves that were only shams. “Some of us Scotch people,” he said, “are worse than the Pharisees of old, for though they only made clean the outside of the cup and platter, their cups and platters *had* an outside, a whole outside, whereas ours have only half or three-quarters of an outside at most.”

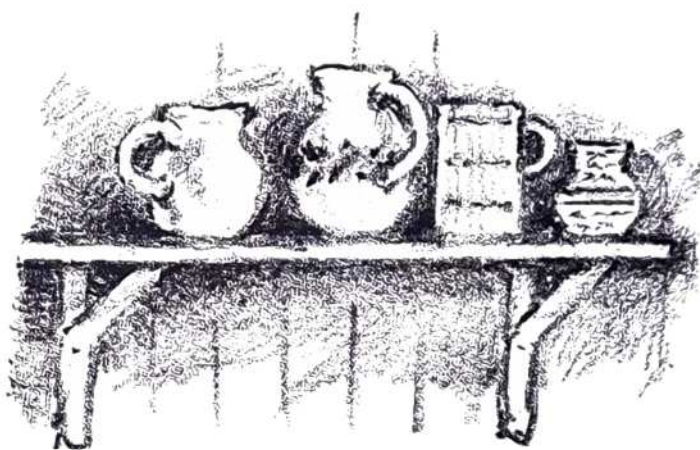
CHAPTER II.

How many of the women blushed at that part of the sermon nobody ever knew, for the only one that had courage to look about her had borrowed so many vessels from her neighbours in her day, that she wasn't on speaking terms with any of them. But several of the wives would have broken their sham jugs that very night—if one can be said to break that which is already broken—only they feared they would be breaking the Sabbath at the same time. The Provost, nevertheless, averred that he hadn't slept all night for the noise of falling crockery. “Why, lads,” he said next day to a group in the square, “when our town has been lying buried like Nineveh or Pompeii for thousands of years, and the New Zealanders, or whoever else are the nation of the future, come and dig shafts in the mounds and make excavations, they'll find a layer of pottery—they tell me that's a sure and certain mark of a buried city—I say they'll find such a layer here, through last

night's work, as will make them think they are on the eve of a great discovery. And as I said to the wife, there was no need for all that on-going, for after all we were *not* worse than the Pharisees, for if their jugs had a *whole outside*, ours had a *hole inside*, and it comes to the same thing in the end!"

CHAPTER III.

On the Wednesday afternoon our minister called on old Mrs. Lee, to talk over his subject for the prayer-meeting. He had already found out that she was the best commentator on the Bible he could consult.



trouble you to hand me down these two jugs at the end on the top shelf?"

The minister reached up for them, and blushed when he saw they were both broken.

"I've been hearing a great deal," she said, "about last Sabbath afternoon's sermon, and there was a lot in it very true, and very nice, and some things you said were much needed. Now, you'll be thinking I am one of the Pharisees, and I sometimes fear I am, but there are two sides to every question. And I want to tell you about these jugs, and about other two I have, and you are no to be angry, for I like you, and what I have to say may help you a little in days to come.

"These two jugs belong to a woman whose husband's health broke down when they were just twelve months married, and he was advised to go to sea for a year or two, and they broke up their house, and she went back to service, and got some of her friends to take care of the furniture. She asked me to look after some little things she was particularly fond of, and these two jugs were amongst them. And very very sorry am I, that when the daughter



After a few minutes' silence—she was in great pain that day—she looked up at him and said, "May I

of the woman that lives above me—a real clever, obliging little creature—was putting up some things she had washed for me on that rope, she knocked the two jugs down, and I thought her heart would have broken, for she knew they werena mine. If only I could have got two new ones the same, I don't think there would have been any harm in no telling her.

“Now, would you kindly hand me down the next one? It's even worse broken, but I wouldna part with it for all the world. My man and me had only one bairn, and it's forty-seven years come the sixth of January since he died. And he was only seven. He was fond of his lessons, and fond of his play, and real willing to run messages for anyone. He used to go for the buttermilk every morning, and Samuel the milkman had a great liking for him, and used to give him more for his bawbee than he gave any other body. And I mind the last time he came in with it. He was walking very cautiously, and carrying it with both his hands. ‘Mother,’ he said, ‘Samuel gave me good measure to-day,’ and then he laughed, for he had spilled a little of it, and then he said, ‘I couldna help it, mother, for my cup overflows.’ He turned ill that afternoon. I broke the jug by accident twelve years since, but I'll keep it as long as I live for my wee Ronald's sake. But I shouldna call him wee. I don't know what he is now, but he would have been fifty-four if he had been here.”

The two of them sat silent for a

little, and then the old woman began again.

“Do you see the jug at the other end? I hardly like to tell you about it, but you are a minister, and it may do you good.

“My man and me were very happy for two years after we were married, and then some way or other he was led astray and fell very far. Two or three times he broke every dish on the table. One day he smashed my marriage tea-set, and all that I had then left of what I brought to the house was that jug, and it had been a favourite of my mother's. I feared it would go, too, some day, so I hid it in a trunk. One day my man accused me of hiding a bottle he thought he had brought in with him, and he turned the trunk upside down in his passion, looking for it, and the jug went into bits. I gathered them up, wrapped them in a bonnie bit of old print I had, and sat down and cried. I had prayed so often that I fear I had almost made up my mind no to pray any more.

“But a great change came over him. And one day he said, ‘I've got some strong cement stuff from a man, Janet, and I would take it as a sign that you had completely forgiven me if you would let me try and piece your mother's jug together.’

“How he managed it I don't know, except that God helped him; but when it was done, and quite dry—and it took him some nights—he put it on a shelf in the press, and said, ‘Janet, I fear you'll never have perfect confidence in me again, as

long as I live, and I have no right to blame you, but vex you again I never will, by God's grace.' And he never did; but no day passed without his going into the press, and every time he looked at that jug, he prayed, and asked to be forgiven. And when he was dying three years after, he said, 'Janet, I want you to put the jug on the shelf when I'm away. There's no fear of my vexing you now. Every time you look at it you will bless God, and though I wouldna like Ronald to know any ill of his father, yet perhaps some day it might be your duty to tell the story to some other woman that may be tried as I tried you. Tell her never to stop praying and never to stop hoping.' "

CHAPTER IV.

People who were at the prayer-meeting that night said that it looked as if somehow a big change had come over the minister, he was so tender and gentle.

Three weeks afterwards he brought old Mrs. Lee two jugs of the very same pattern as those the little girl had knocked down. It cost him a lot of trouble and a bit of money, but he was well pleased at having managed it. He filled one of them with loaf-sugar, and the other with tea, a shilling a pound dearer than what he used himself.

CHAPTER V.

Few of us learn any lesson thoroughly the first time we go over it, and so it was with our young minister. He was begining to get a little hard and severe again, when he was sharply reminded one day of the mistake that he had made. He

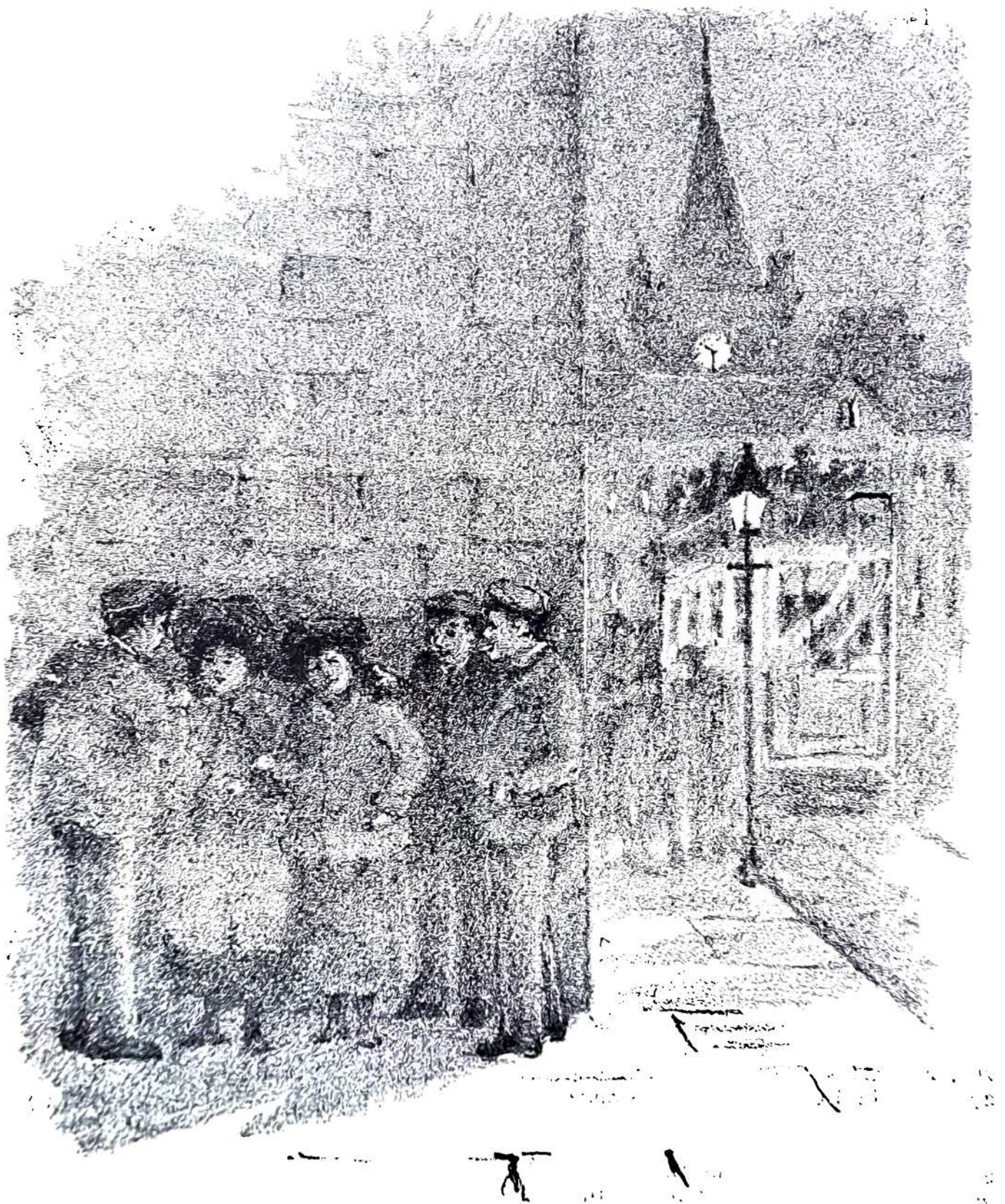
was visiting at a country-house, and was talking about some ornaments on the wall, when a young lady, to whom he had been introduced, told him she had been in another part of the country lately, and had heard such a pitiful story about a poor woman who had a lovely old blue willow-pattern bowl that had been cracked and mended, worth pounds and pounds, and she was going to sell it to a collector of curios, when one Sabbath some stupid young fellow preached a sermon about the sin of having broken jugs on one's shelves—as if *that* were the sin of the age and the one thing a minister had to preach about—and the next morning before his mother was up, her little boy took the bowl down to the sea-shore, smashed it on the rocks, and came home looking as proud as you choose, and told her what he had done, and the poor body just sat down and cried, but all she said was 'I hope, my mannie, you'll always be as willing to obey the minister as you have been this morning.' Now don't you think that minister, if he were a gentleman, ought to pay that poor woman for the bowl? Oh, I just wish I could get hold of him, and wouldn't I box his ears!"

CHAPTER VI.

That day eleven years after, the minister and his wife were sitting over the fire.

"I know what you are thinking about," she said, as she looked up at him and smiled.

"Yes," he said, "another year gone, Penelope, and you haven't boxed my ears yet!"



HALF-PAST ten! and still these girls are roving about the streets. Oh but I am wae for them! They mean no harm, but they will learn

no good. O Mothers and Fathers! will you not keep your children in after the darkening, and try to make them happy in their own homes?

1	M	THE ETERNAL GOD IS THY DWELLING PLACE,
2	TU	And underneath are the everlasting arms.— <i>Deut. 33, 27 (R. V.)</i>
3	W	Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands.— <i>Is. 49, 16.</i>
4	TH	Undertake for me.— <i>Is. 38, 14.</i> Be Thou my surety.—(<i>R. V.</i>)
5	F	Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.— <i>Ps. 37, 7.</i>
6	S	Till I know what God will do for me.— <i>1 Sam. 22, 3.</i> David didn't know then, and doesn't know even yet, all the glory that was to come to him through Jesus Christ, his Son and Lord.
7	S	And Levi left all, rose up, and followed Jesus.— <i>Luke 5, 28.</i>
8	M	He that observeth the wind shall not sow.— <i>Eccl. 11, 3.</i>
9	TU	Asher sat still at the haven of the sea.— <i>Judges 5, 17 (R. V.)</i>
10	W	Meroz came not to the help of the Lord.— <i>v. 23.</i> We slew the Mede at Marathon, While you were gazing at the moon. <i>Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton's The Athenian and The Spartan.</i>
11	TH	They all with one consent began to make excuse.— <i>Luke 14, 18.</i>
12	F	So built we the wall : for the people had a mind to work.
13	S	So the wall was finished in fifty and two days.— <i>Neh. 56; 6, 15.</i>
14	S	Many are Thy thoughts which are to us-ward.— <i>Ps. 40, 5.</i>
15	M	Prosper Thy servant, I pray Thee, this day.— <i>Neh. 1, 11.</i>
16	TU	In everything give thanks.— <i>1 Thess. 5, 18.</i> "Yesterday I unexpectedly met with three old manuscripts, for which, in a particular manner, I return thanks, beseeching Thee to continue the same protection to me, for Jesus Christ, His sake. — <i>Diary of Thos. Hearne, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, 1716.</i>
17	W	Desiring mercies of God concerning this secret.— <i>Dan. 2, 18.</i>
18	TH	God of my master, send me good speed this day.— <i>Gen. 24, 12.</i>
19	F	I blessed the Lord Which had led me in the right way.— <i>v. 48.</i>
20	S	Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, This is the way.— <i>Is. 30, 21.</i>
21	S	God doeth great things and unsearchable ;
22	M	Marvellous things without number.— <i>Job 5, 9.</i>
23	TU	For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work ;
24	W	I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.
25	TH	Thy thoughts are very deep.— <i>Ps. 92, 4.</i> Some one called old Professor Westwood an Entomologist (a man who knows about <i>all</i> insects). "An Entomologist?", he replied, "I would hardly venture to call myself a Coleopterist" (one who knows only about beetles).
26	F	Canst thou by searching find out God?— <i>Job 11, 7.</i>
27	S	Praise ye Him, all His angels ; praise Him, ye creeping things.— <i>Ps. 148.</i>
28	S	We walked unto the house of God in company.— <i>Ps. 55, 14.</i>
29	M	When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself.— <i>John 21 18.</i>
30	TU	Paul, minding himself to go afoot.— <i>Acts 20, 13.</i> "I am much inclined to measure a man's moral excellence by his love of walking."— <i>Sir Leslie Stephen's Life of Farwell.</i>
31	W	The wicked sitteth in the lurking place of the villages.— <i>Ps. 10, 8.</i>

February, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 2.



Squirrel: "Dear me, Thrush! Is that you up already, and it only the first day of Spring? I'm going away back to bed for other five or six weeks yet. 'Ta-ta!'"

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., XVI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

"Paris is well worth a Mass."—Henry IV. of France.

Moses, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt. —Heb. 11, 25.

THERE seems to be no doubt now that the Princess Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena, daughter of the King's sister, the Princess Beatrice, is to be betrothed to Alphonso XIII., King of Spain, as soon as she becomes a Roman Catholic. (1906)

That is one of the saddest things that have happened to Britain for many a day.

That our King should sanction, or appear to sanction, such a union, proves that for him at least there is little meaning in the most solemn bit of his Coronation Oath.

When the Princess was born in 1887, many foreboded ill when they heard she was to be named in honour of the Ex-Empress of the French.

Forty years ago the Emperor Napoleon, who had waded through blood to the throne, was the terror of Europe. Having tried in vain to get a wife of royal birth, he married Engenie de Montijo, a Spanish Countess, and the two of them brought France very low.

Their Court was one of the most ungodly in Europe.

In 1870 the Franco-Prussian war broke out. Napoleon himself wished peace at the last, but Eugenie, egged on by the priests whose tool she was, spoke at the Council that met to decide the matter, and "passionately" demanded war. Marshal Le Bœuf, the man who said the French army was "ready, five times ready, ready to the last gaiter-button," spoke after her, and he too, with an oath, demanded war. These things are recorded in history. We have the word of the Duke de Grammont, the French Minister of State, who was present, for them.

That war lost the Emperor and Empress their throne, and cost France £516,000,000, and 290,000 lives.

Napoleon died in England in 1873, and then, unhappily, Eugenie became the bosom friend of the late Queen Victoria. Six years afterwards, her only son, the Prince Imperial, aged 26, was killed while fighting with the British against the Zulus, and her cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing. But while sin and sorrow may well draw forth our tears and prayers, they form no claim to honour, and Queen Victoria did a wrong to herself, and to our country, and even to France, in making such a woman her friend. It is no doubt a terribly lonely thing to be a Queen, to have no one with whom one can be on equal terms. But every position in life has its special trials, and for every trial God has a special grace. God

sets the solitary in families, and even kings and queens can have worthy friends and counsellors, if they seek them the right way.

It was a wrong thing to name a British Princess after such a woman, and we are now, apparently, about to reap some of the fruits of that misdoing.

Against Alphonso, now in his twentieth year, one of course knows nothing. But even if he had been a Protestant, a wise mother would have done well to wait a while before she gave him her daughter's life and happiness in keeping. For he comes of the worst stock in Europe. His father, Alphonso XII., was a bad man, yet the badness of his father was as nothing to the badness that was in his grandmother, Queen Isabella, in her day one of the worst living women in Europe.

As for Spain itself, no kingdom stands in less repute. Once the mightiest of European nations, God stripped it, for its sins, of its glory long ago, and in these last years has stripped it of the last of its once boundless possessions beyond the

seas. Yet Spain has learned nothing, and is as bitter against Protestants and Protestantism to-day as it can safely be. It was the land of that awful thing men call *The Inquisition*, and it is the land where priests still burn the Bible, and would burn those who read it if they could.

To abjure Protestantism to become Queen of such a people is as great a sin as a woman can commit against the world. We should pray to God, Who has the hearts of all men in His hand, even yet to keep the Princess Ena, if it be His will, from such a deed and such a blunder. For a blunder it will be, as every ungodly marriage is and deserves to be. Her cousin, daughter of the Princess Alice, made the same mistake in 1894, when in the 22nd year of her age, she publicly abjured and cursed the Protestantism of her mother—for so the law of Russia and the Greek Church demands—to become the wife of the present Czar Nicholas, and is there a woman in all Europe that would change places with her?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCLES. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 4.)

What
is thy
name?

Olive.

Sir Stamford Raffles, 1781-1826, the founder of Singapore and one of the great builders of the British Empire in the East, married, when he was twenty-four, Mrs. OLIVE FANCOURT, a widow ten years his senior. A Malay named Abdulla thus described her in a book of reminiscences: "She was not an ordinary woman. She was very fond of studying our language, saying, 'What is this in Malay, and what that?' Also whatever she saw she wrote down, and whenever her husband was going to do anything, or to buy anything, he always deferred to her. She never rested for a moment, but she was always

What
is thy
name?

Olive.

busy day after day. I never saw her sleep at midday or even recline for the sake of ease. Thus her habits were active ; so much so that in fact she did the duty of her husband ; indeed it was she that taught him. Thus God had matched them as king and counsellor, or as a ring with its jewels." She died in 1814. Sir Stamford left Singapore for home in 1824, but the ship, the *Fame*, took fire when it had gone only fifty miles, through the carelessness of a steward who went with a naked light to draw brandy from a cask. No lives were lost, but all Sir Stamford's papers and records, his notes and observations, the vocabularies and maps he had been working at for years, his drawings and natural history collections, thousands of stuffed specimens of birds, beasts, and fishes, to say nothing of money, plate, and jewels—all perished. After eleven or twelve hours' rowing, the two boats which contained the passengers and crew reached land, and the very next morning Sir Stamford began a new map of Sumatra, and sent out men into the forest to begin a new collection of animals. "Neither murmur nor lamentation escaped his lips ; on the contrary, upon the ensuing Sabbath, he publicly returned thanks to Almighty God." After his return to London he founded, in 1825, the famous Zoological Gardens, best known as the "Zoo." His statue is in Westminster Abbey, close beside that of his friend William Wilberforce.

A student, whom I met once coming from an Examination in Church History, told me with a glow of satisfaction on his face that he had done well : he had written 20 pages, 5 or 6 of them being a copy of one of the Pope's "bulls," or letters to the Roman Catholic Church, in Latin. "That was an odd question to give you," I said. "Oh !" said he, "we didn't get that question, but I expected we should, and so I learned a 'bull' off by heart, and dragged it in in an answer to another question. Do you think I was going to learn a bull and take all that trouble for nothing ?"

A wise Examiner, so far from giving him any marks for that, would take marks off. He would see at once that the student was trying to throw dust in his eyes. Just as there are sometimes mistakes that show more capacity than a correct answer, so there is a knowledge that is worse than ignorance.

In including OLYMPIA amongst Girls' names, I fear I am not unlike that student. I question if there is one girl of that name in Britain at the present moment, and if there is, I am certain she never heard and never will hear of this little magazine. Yet I cannot resist telling you about an Olympia of whom I read lately in Bishop Creighton's *Essays*.

Olympia

OLYMPIA FULVIA MORATA, daughter of an Italian professor who, like Virgil, was born at Mantua, was so learned that when scarcely sixteen she was asked to give lectures on Cicero in the University of Ferrara. She was watched and persecuted and driven into exile by the Roman Catholic Inquisitors. She had many other trials as well, but was happy in her marriage to a young German doctor, Andrea Gunthler. She died on the 26th October, 1555, at four o'clock in the afternoon, aged twenty-nine. In her last letter to a friend

What
is thy
name?

she wrote : " Farewell, do not grieve when you hear of my death, for I know that my life will only begin when I die, and I wish to be dissolved and be with Christ." " When she was almost dying," says her husband, " I saw her look pleased and smile softly, as she wakened out of sleep. I asked why she smiled so sweetly. ' I saw just now,' she said, ' a quiet place filled with the fairest and clearest light.' When she could speak no more through weakness, ' Courage, dear wife,' I said, ' in that fair light you will dwell.' Again she smiled and nodded her head. A little after, she said, ' I am quite happy.' When next she spoke, her eyes were already dim. ' I can scarcely see you any longer,' she said, ' but everything seems to me full of the most beautiful flowers.' These were her last words."

Patricia.

" PATRICIA HERON was the wisest, most judicious, best tempered, best dispositioned, sensible and good woman, in the whole circle of my acquaintance."—*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*.

Pene-
lope.

PENELOPE—four syllables, Pen-el-ō-pe, rhyming not with *envelope*, but with *canopy*—was the name of the wife of Odysseus, or Ulysses, the hero of Homer's Odyssey. Ulysses fought on the side of the Greeks in the Trojan war. Troy fell, and the war ended ; but, like many who have been soldiers, he could not rest from travel, but was " always roaming with a hungry heart." So long was he away that most men thought he must be dead. And then the chiefs of Ithaca and the islands round about began to woo Penelope, insisting on living in her house, wasting her husband's substance, insulting her little son Telemachus, and teaching her servants every kind of evil. Day by day they pressed her to marry one of them, and day by day she put them off, and bade them wait till she had finished a winding-sheet she had promised to weave for her old father-in-law Laertes. But every night she undid the piece she had woven through the day, so that the web was never done. And the chiefs, for three whole years, never saw through her stratagem, till one of her maids revealed it. Then they urged and vexed her more than ever, but still she was true to the husband for whom her heart was longing. And then when things were at their worst, and she was in utter straits, her husband, after twenty years of wandering, came home disguised like a beggar-man, and slew the suitors, and saved his faithful wife.

I SAW some lines lately on the wall, over the looking-glass, in a room in a minister's house, only they were printed in Old English letters, as on page 18, and in the spelling of the time when they were written, 1531 :

*God be in my head,
And in mine understanding.
God be in my eyes,
And in my looking.*

*God be in my mouth,
And in my speaking.
God be in my heart,
And in my thinking.
God be at my end,
And at my departing.*

Perhaps some of you will cut page 18 out, and paste it neatly on card-board, and put a pretty border round it, and hang it up where your eye may catch it, now and again, every day.

God be in myn hede

And in myn understandynge.

God be in myn eyen

And in my lookynge.

God be in my mouth

And in my spekyng.

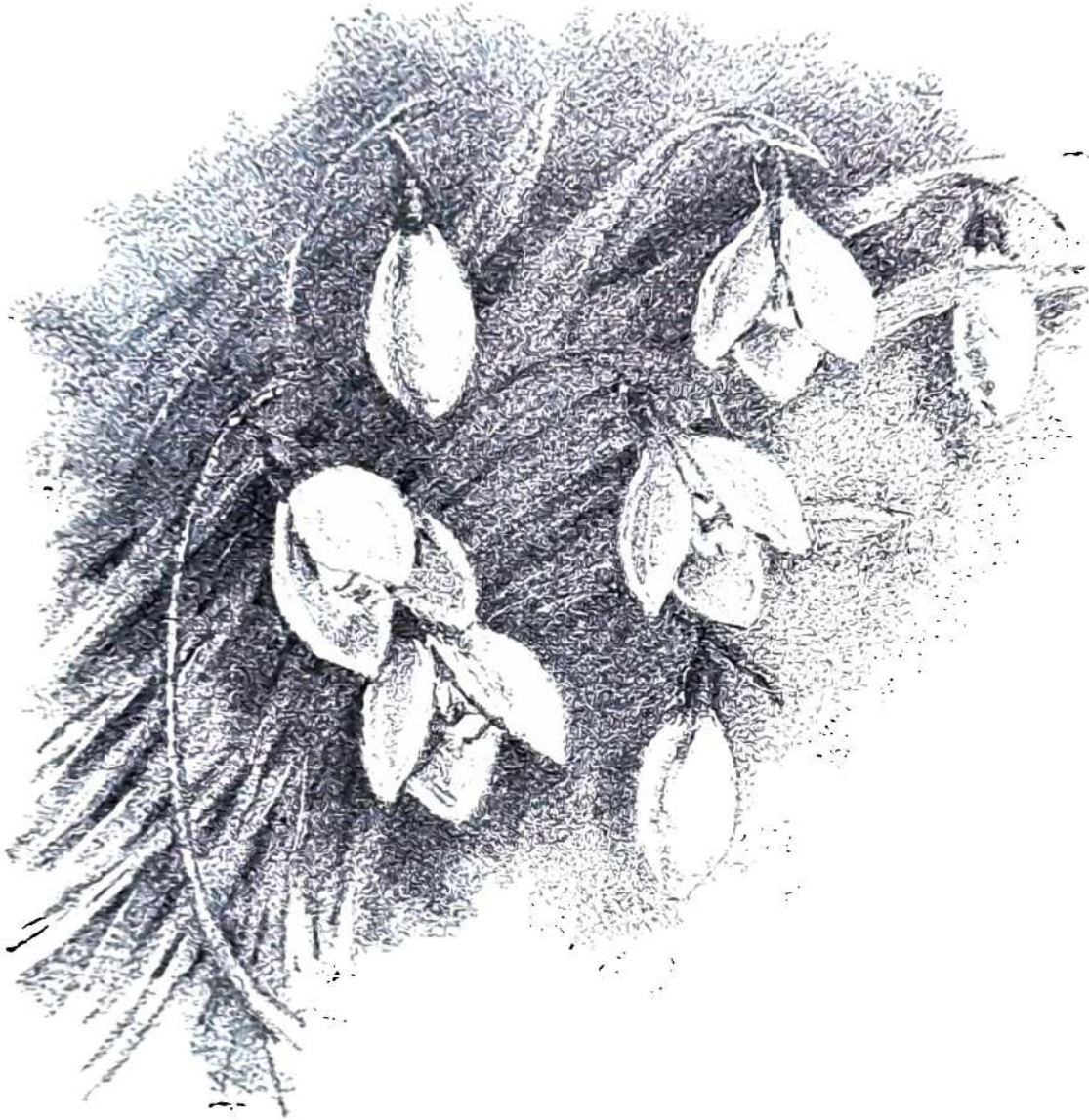
God be in my herte

And in my thynkyng.

God be at myn ende

And at my departynge.

And again Noah sent forth the dove out of the ark : and the dove came in to him in the evening ; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf, pluckt off : so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.—Gen. 8, 10.

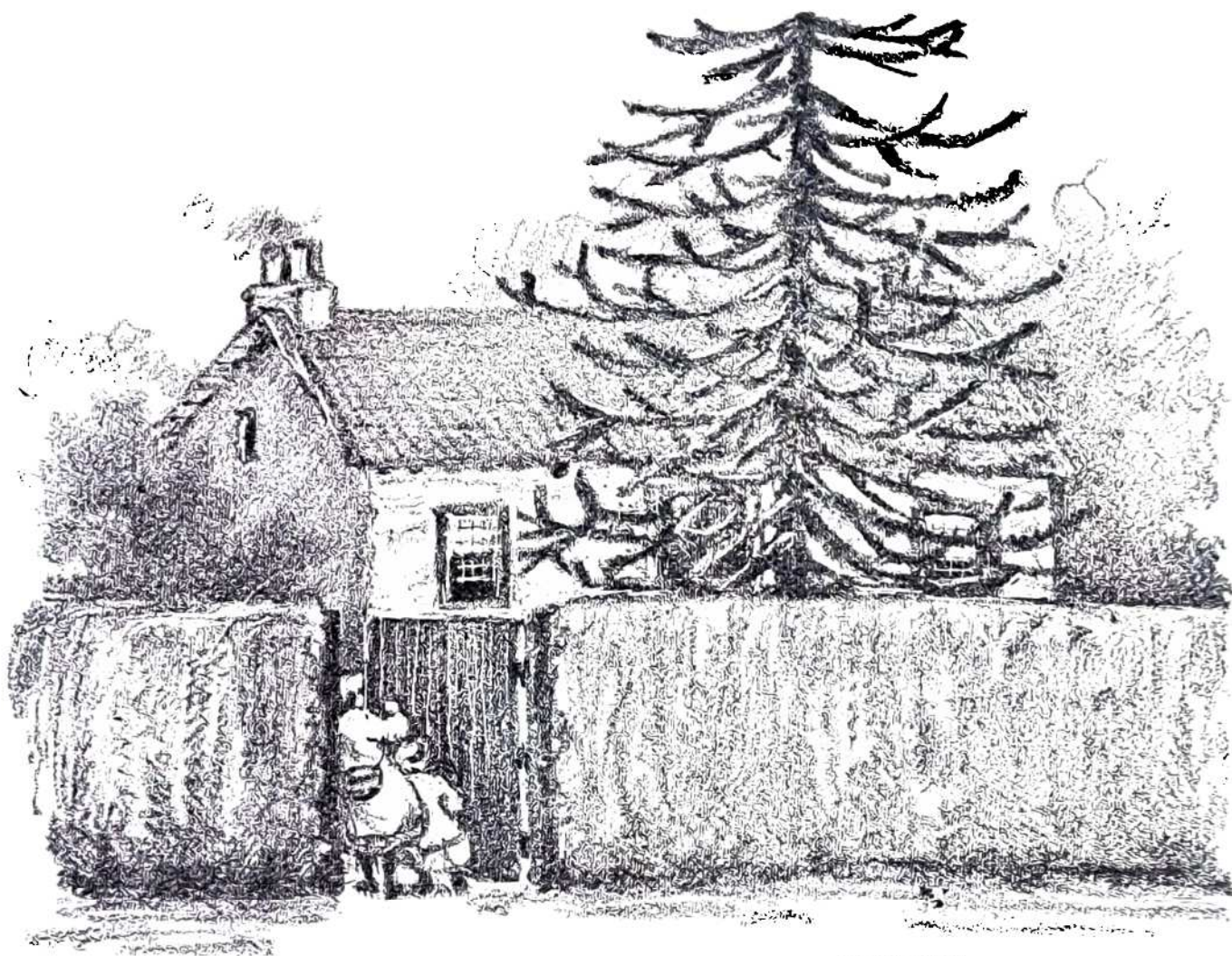


The Snowdrop is a Noah's Dove
Sent forth to spy the land,
Its leaf a message from above—
"The Spring-time is at hand.

"God bids you leave your shelt'ring Ark ;
This is a freer air,
No prison walls, no irksome dark,
But sunshine everywhere.

"Break out, break out, ye Flowers ! The blast,
The Winter's cold, is o'er,
The time for fear and sleep is past,
And Summer's at the door !"

The Old Captain.



"Woodman, Spare that Tree."

LAST February I told you a story of a man who cut down a favourite tree to improve his neighbours' view. I wish now to tell you about a man who, to please his neighbours, spared a tree that blocked his own view.

There is a country in the south of Chili, in South America, called

Araucania. It lies between the Andes and the Pacific, and is a little larger than Wales, or Palestine, or about one-fourth of the size of Scotland. It has the honour to be the only part of the New World that has never bowed its neck to the European yoke. The Araucos Indians who inhabit it govern themselves, though they form part of the Republic of Chili.

From that country comes a tree known to botanists as the *araucaria Imbricata*. *Imber* is the Latin word for a *shower*, *imbrex* is a *tile*, and *imbricata* means that the leaves of this tree lie over each other in regular order, like the tiles on a house-roof. The points of these leaves are so very sharp that the first time Mr. Austin, a famous English lawyer, saw the tree—it is only a hundred years since it was introduced into Britain—he laughed, and said, “That would puzzle a monkey.” Others may have said the same thing before him, but, anyhow, that is the common name for this tree, the Monkey-Puzzle, or the Monkey-Puzzler.

The timber is hard, and full of resin, and beautifully veined, and makes good masts for ships. It has large cones which contain each two or three hundred seeds, and these are eaten either raw or roasted. Some people are very proud if they have an *araucaria*; others think it too formal, stiff, and artificial looking for a garden, and prefer it on a mountain side.

CHAPTER I.

Well, there was an old Captain, who, after a brave and even heroic life, and many a buffeting by sea and land, found it necessary to retire. His health was broken, his old owners were dead, and the new ones either didn't know, or didn't care to remember, that the old man had been the first to sail up some rivers and through some channels in China and other far-off lands. He had saved a little money, very

little, but all honourably come by, and when he heard that a little cottage of three apartments, that stood on a promontory that commanded the Estuary of the river near his native town, was to let, he thanked God for providing for him in his old age and loneliness what seemed an ideal home. With his telescope and his binocular he would see every ship that passed and read her name, and at nights, for the sake of old times, he would look at Aldebaran in the heavens.

CHAPTER II.

The old man hadn't been in the cottage ten minutes till he said, “That monkey-puzzle has got to come down!” And I don't wonder he said that, for at that very moment a new kind of steamer was passing with five pairs of masts that looked like goal-posts.

“What in all the world's *that*?” he said to himself. “I knew they were crazy about football ashore, but surely they haven't taken to playing it at sea.”

He got out his glass at once, but the monkey-puzzle's branches shut bits of the ship out at the wrong moment in the most exasperating fashion. Hour by hour, day after day, that tree annoyed him. “I can see vessels when they are coming towards me, and vessels when they are going away from me, but I can't get a view of them broadside on, and that I must have. I wonder what made any body ever think of sticking a tree in there!”

CHAPTER III.

The Captain with all his decisive-

ness was not the man to do things rashly, and before the tree had time to come down, he had got new light on it.

It was the only tree of that species in the district, and was, besides, a kind of landmark to the neighbourhood. "We'll just go the length of the monkey-puzzle," young people would say to their parents, when they asked permission to take an evening walk. Lovers, too, would come and stand and look at it, not always admiringly, however. It gave but little shelter either from the wind or rain.

It was a great place, too, for displaying knowledge. Fathers brought their little children, and said, "That's what they call a monkey-puzzle," and then the children laughed. Indeed everybody laughed who named it so, but superior people said, "Isn't it an *araucaria*?"

One day a woman with three little girls came and looked at it for a long time, and made the old Captain almost cry by telling him how she liked to come and look at it. The last time her little boy was out before he took the fever, he had been greatly taken up with the tree, and wondered why God wanted to puzzle monkeys, and she had said "Perhaps for the same reason He made you little monkeys to puzzle *us*," but she wasn't sure whether that was a right thing to say or not, but she had meant no harm by it.

It was that interview that finally determined the old man to spare the tree, but I think his mind was

almost made up before that. For when he was hesitating, he got a letter from one of his favourite apprentices, a second officer, who was lying ill in hospital at Rio, and the last sentence ran thus: "But, please God, I'll soon be better and back to the old place, and won't I be a happy man when I get another look at the old monkey-puzzle at the point!"

So the tree was spared! And for one of his rewards the old Captain overheard this conversation one day between two Englishmen who were passing:

"Don't you wonder that any man, with an eye in his head, would let an ugly tree like that spoil such a glorious view?"

"Yes," said the other, "but the person who stays there has probably no eye for scenery or anything else. It is wonderful how unintelligent people are who have never travelled or taken an interest in anything beyond their own firesides!"

CHAPTER IV.

On their way back the two Englishmen saw the Captain at his door, and having put a question to him about a passing ship, were so struck with his answer that they accepted his invitation to step in and have some bread and cheese with him.

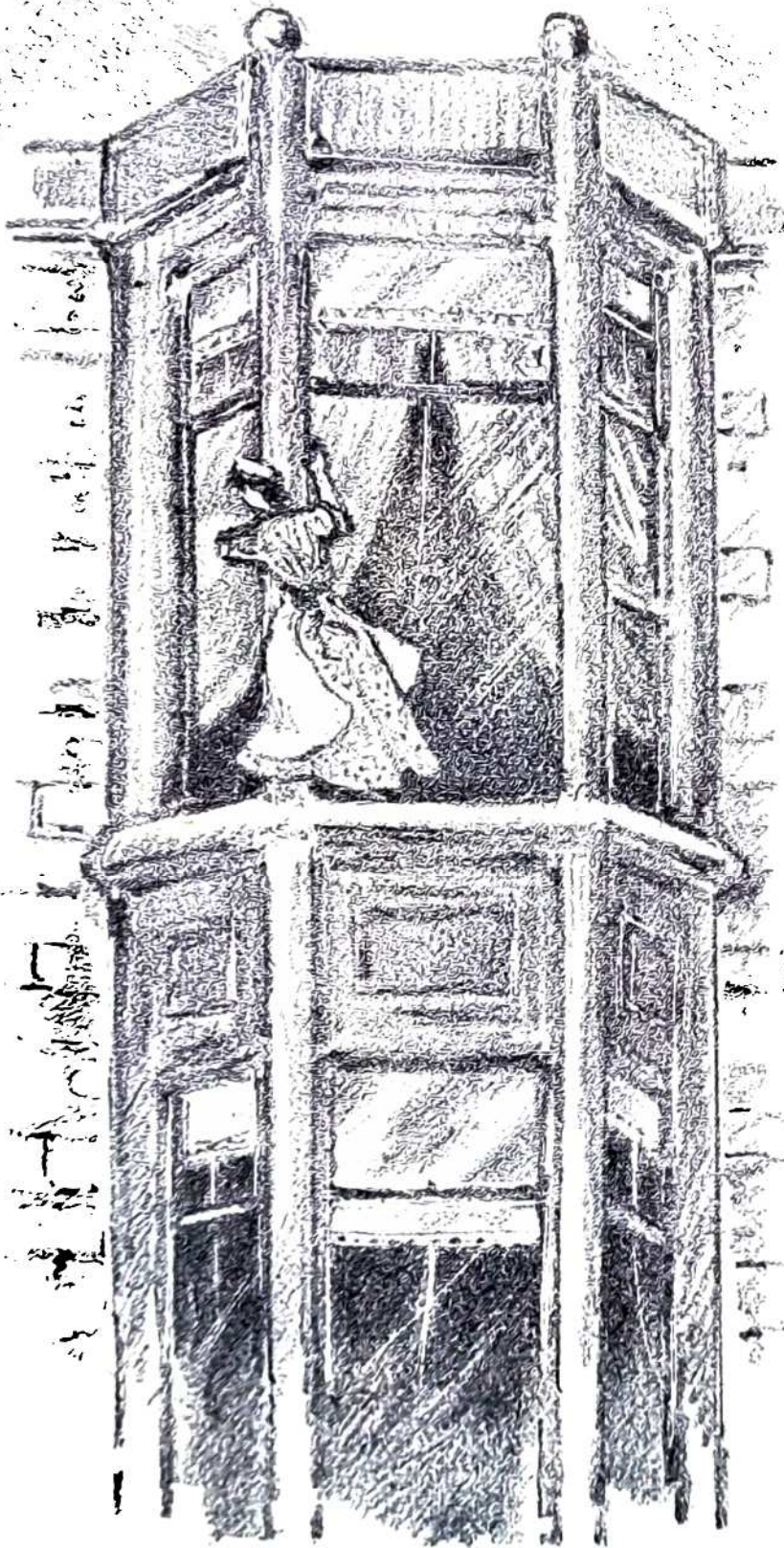
When they left two hours afterwards, the older of them said, "I'm glad we met you, sir, for my friend and I were both a long way out of our reckoning and that in more things than one."

Reasons for not going to Church.

8th Series.—No. 2.

This young woman has told her mistress that she enjoys cleaning the windows, and that there is no need to get a man to do them.

But she won't go to church, because, from what she has read in an almanac that was handed in at the door—and the new postman, a very nice intelligent young man, says it is an almanac that can be trusted for he has distributed hundreds of it—she is sure her heart is affected, and she might drop down at any moment, and it would be very awkward, she says, if she was to turn ill while the minister was preaching.



1	TH	Woe to them, saith the Lord, that take counsel, but not of Me.— <i>Is. 30, 1.</i>
2	F	The meek will He teach His way.— <i>Ps. 25, 9.</i>
3	S	Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?— <i>Luke 6, 39.</i> “Statesmen are like one of those spotted dogs that run on in front, but are always turning round to see whether the carriage is coming.”— <i>Huxley.</i>
4	S	The blessed and only Potentate, dwelling in light unapproachable ;
5	M	Whom no man hath seen, nor can see.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 15 (R.V.)</i>
6	TU	Yet from my flesh (when I am <i>away from</i> my flesh, that is, when I am dead) I shall see God.— <i>Job 19, 26 (R.V.)</i>
7	W	Thy sun shall no more go down,
8	TH	Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself : (To-morrow morning the Moon will set in total eclipse a little before 8 o'clock. Don't forget to rise soon after 6, and “consider the Moon,” according to Psalm 8, 3).
9	F	For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light,
10	S	And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.— <i>Is. 6, 20.</i>
11	S	Behold, the Judge standeth before the doors.— <i>Jas. 5, 9 (R.V.)</i>
12	M	If we discerned ourselves, we should not be judged.— <i>1 Cor. 11, 31 (R.V.)</i>
13	TU	I have lived before God in all good conscience.— <i>Acts 23, 1.</i> “There are three things which I would not have for the world against me. 1. My own conscience. 2. The word of God. 3. The prayers of good people.”— <i>Philip Henry's Diary, 1674.</i>
14	W	Demetrius hath the witness of all men, and of the truth itself.— <i>3 John 12.</i>
15	TH	I thank my God upon all my remembrance of you.— <i>Phil. 1, 3 (R.V.)</i>
16	F	Blessed be the Lord, Which sent thee this day to meet me.— <i>1 Sam. 25, 32.</i>
17	S	Him will I also confess before My Father.— <i>Matt. 10, 32.</i>
18	S	I was in the isle Patmos. I was in the Spirit.— <i>Rev. 1, 9.</i>
19	M	The whole earth is full of His glory.— <i>Is. 6, 3.</i>
20	TU	Elisha said, Lord, open his eyes, that he may see.— <i>2 Kings 6, 17.</i>
21	W	The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.
22	TH	Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?— <i>John 1, 46.</i>
23	F	Philip saith unto him, Come and see. “I was told there was <i>nothing to see</i> at Whitehaven—that weary, hackneyed, old falsehood. Nevertheless I saw a good deal.”— <i>R. L. Stevenson's Essays of Travel.</i>
24	S	We came to Puteoli : where we found brethren.— <i>Acts 28, 14.</i>
25	S	They shall inquire concerning Zion, with their faces thitherward.— <i>Jer 50, 5 (R.V.)</i>
26	M	They declare plainly that they seek a country.— <i>Heb. 11, 14.</i>
27	TU	Look up, and lift up your heads :
28	W	Because your redemption draweth nigh.— <i>Luke 21, 29.</i> Knitting earth to the heaven, The near to the far, With the step in the dust, And the eye on the star. — <i>Bulwer-Lytton's Love and Death.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 3.



"Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God." -Ps. 84, 3.

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., XVI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

"This is Ramchandra!"

Behold, thou hast been careful for us with all this care; what is to be done for thee? wouldest thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host.—2 Kings 4, 13.

A FRIEND of mine, who was telling me once how he spent his last week in India, told me in the course of another story a little thing that has stuck in my mind.

There were in his Office about three hundred native assistants, one of whom, a lad of twenty named Ramchandra, who had specially pleased him by the way he did everything that was given him to do, he considered worthy of promotion. So, as his Chief and he were sitting in the Office, my friend told one of the sepoys, or attendants, to go for Ramchandra. Presently the lad appeared, and my friend, turning to his Chief, said, "This is Ramchandra." And that was all! Ramchandra salaamed, and left the room. He had not known he was to be sent for, but the moment the words, "This is Ramchandra!" were uttered, he knew that it meant promotion. His name had been brought to his master's notice. Nothing might happen for a week

or two, or a month or two, but he could afford to wait. He had been "spoken for to the captain of the host."

You and I, in like manner, when we stand in God's presence, ought to pray not only for ourselves and for all men in general, but also for certain men in particular, naming their names. God does not need to be told or reminded of persons or things, for "He beholdeth all the sons of men, from the place of His habitation He looketh forth upon all the inhabitants of the earth," but He wishes us to do it, that He and we and all whom we pray for may rejoice together!

Even so, also, does the Lord Jesus Christ present us every day and every hour before His Father. He hath once suffered for sins, says Peter, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us, might *conduct* us, to God. For, as a great scholar has said, the word in the Greek translated *bring* has always a touch of "formality"—that is, of dignified ceremony—in it; it is the word used to describe the presenting of a man at court, or some other great occasion. Even so, "it is a great occasion when the Son, Who has assumed our responsibilities for us, takes us by the hand to bring us to the Father."

And what a presentation of us before God and Angels and men there will be at the last day, if we are found faithful to Him now!

Then will He own His servant's name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

A Good Name is better than Precious Ointment.—ECCL. 7, 1.

(Continued from page 17.)

What
is thy
name?Pat-
ience.

PATIENCE, daughter of Robert Holt, schoolmaster, Bolton, was the name of the wife of Sir Richard Arkwright, 1732-1792, the man who by his inventions made cotton-spinning one of the greatest of our country's industries. And if any man has need of Patience more than a schoolmaster, it is an inventor. When he was past fifty, Arkwright took two hours off his sleep every night to improve his writing and spelling and grammar.

Pen-
elope.

LADY PENELOPE GREVILLE, who died in 1613, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, was the first of the seven wives of Gervase Clifton, grandson of one of the four Nottingham knights whom Queen Elizabeth described as

Gervase the Gentle, Stanhope the Stout,
Marcham the Lion, and Sutton the Lout.

The names of the other six were Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, Mary Egioke, Isabel Meek, Anne South, Jane Eyre, and Lady Alice, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, an Alice indeed in Wonderland! One wonders if Gervase himself could have named them all off-hand, and one cannot help asking, too, if Penelope would have married him had she foreseen how many there were who were standing ready to step into her shoes.

Another PENELOPE, who, like the wife of Ulysses, had trouble with her suitors, was the daughter of an Earl of Rivers. She married first a Sir George Trenchard, a Dorsetshire gentleman, and was left a widow when only seventeen. Being as beautiful and rich as she was young, she was sought in marriage by three men, Sir George Gage, Sir John Gage, and Sir William Hervey. "To appease the quarrel arisen respecting her," says an old chronicler, "she threatened her everlasting displeasure to the first of them who should be the aggressor. Thus, as she had declared for none, by balancing their hopes against their fears, she stilled their resentments, adding good humouredly that if they would keep the peace and have patience she would have them all in their turns, which singularly enough did happen." So well had she learnt the motto of her father's house, *æquam servare mentem*, the art of keeping an even mind. She died in 1633.

PENELOPE BOOTHBY was the one visitor whom Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, always welcomed, no matter how busy he might be. She would sit for hours in his studio, beguiling her "own ownest" friend with her sweet ways and pretty turns of speech. One of his most beautiful paintings represents her, at the age of three-and-a-half, clad in a white dress, with a dark belt, sitting with her mittened hands folded in her lap, and her eyes demurely cast down. The

What
is thy
name?

Pen-
elope.

high mob-cap on her head belonged to Sir Joshua's grandmother. This picture was sold in 1885 for £20,000. Sir J. E. Millais' "Cherry Ripe," they say, is the portrait of a little girl whom he had seen dressed as "Penelope" at a children's party. Little Miss Boothby died when she was scarcely six years old. She lies buried in Ashbourne Church in Derbyshire, and on her tomb, a masterpiece of sculpture by Thomas Banks, are words so full of unbelief and despair that one wonders how they were permitted to be set up in a Christian church :

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

To Penelope

Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah Boothby.

Born April 11th, 1785, died March 13th, 1791.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite.

The unfortunate parents ventured their all in this Frail bark,
And the wreck was total.

"My grandmother's brother, the Dean of St. Asaph," says the late Augustus J. C. Hare, "was a selfish dictatorial man. He never permitted his daughters to sit down in his presence, and he never allowed two of them to be in the room with him at once, because he could not endure the additional talk caused by their speaking to one another. The eldest of them, PENELOPE, afterwards Mrs. Pelham Warren—she died in 1865—was the only one who never gave her family any trouble, and who was invariably loved and honoured by its other members. Her character through life had been that of a peacemaker, and in her old age she seemed almost glorified by the effulgence of the love which had emanated from her, no single member of the family having a recollection of her which was not connected with some kindly word or unselfish action. That her aunt Lady Jones should bequeath the Worthing estate to her was felt by all the other nephews and nieces to have been most natural. Whom should it have been to, if not to Penelope?"

Penuel.

PENUEL or PENIEL means *the face of God*, Gen. 32, 30, and is a fitting name for every little child, according to George MacDonald's lines :

"But how did you come to us, you dear?"

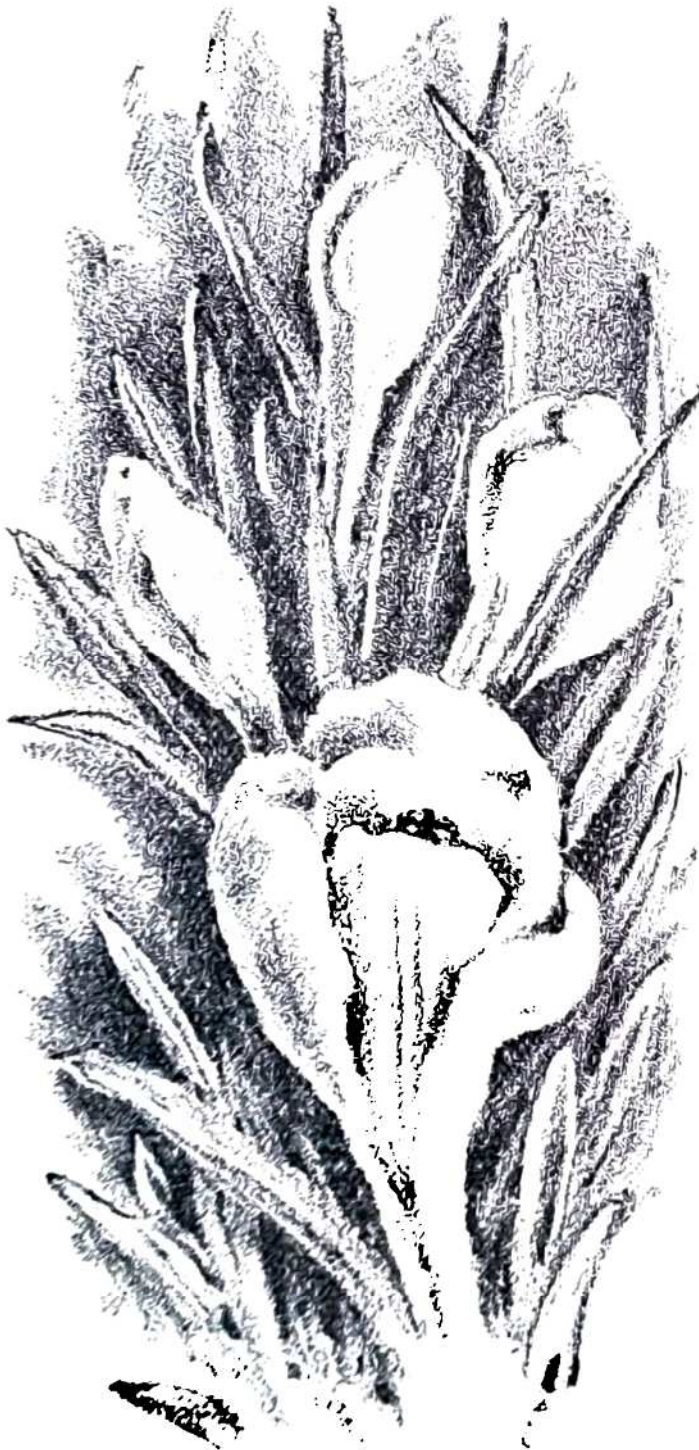
"God thought about you, and so I am here"

PENUEL GRANT, daughter of Sir Ludovic Grant, was the wife of Henry Mackenzie, 1745-1831, an Edinburgh man of letters, known always from the title of one of his books as *The Man of Feeling*. "Filial love and sorrow," says one of her eleven children, "place her name beside his from whom she was not long divided. Her record must tell of what adorns the Christian's path and glorifies the Christian's God; the generous heart and open hand, the patient humble mind, a soul in which the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. She lived a blessing to all around her, and died, Blessed in the Lord."

What
is thy
name?

Phila-
delphia.

PHILADELPHIA means *brotherly or sisterly love*. It is the word used in the Greek New Testament in Heb. 13, 1, Let brotherly love continue. It is a big name for a little girl, yet surely a fitting one; specially for that PHILADELPHIA whose mother's first name was Ursula, which means *a little bear*, whose father's name was Quarles — Francis Quarles, 1592-1644, a poet, author of *Divine Emblems*— and she had a house in which the Quarleses increased and grew year after year, for she had seventeen brothers and sisters!



The Crocus.

THE Snowdrop is the
little maid—

Her wrapper white
and green—

First of the household
out of bed,

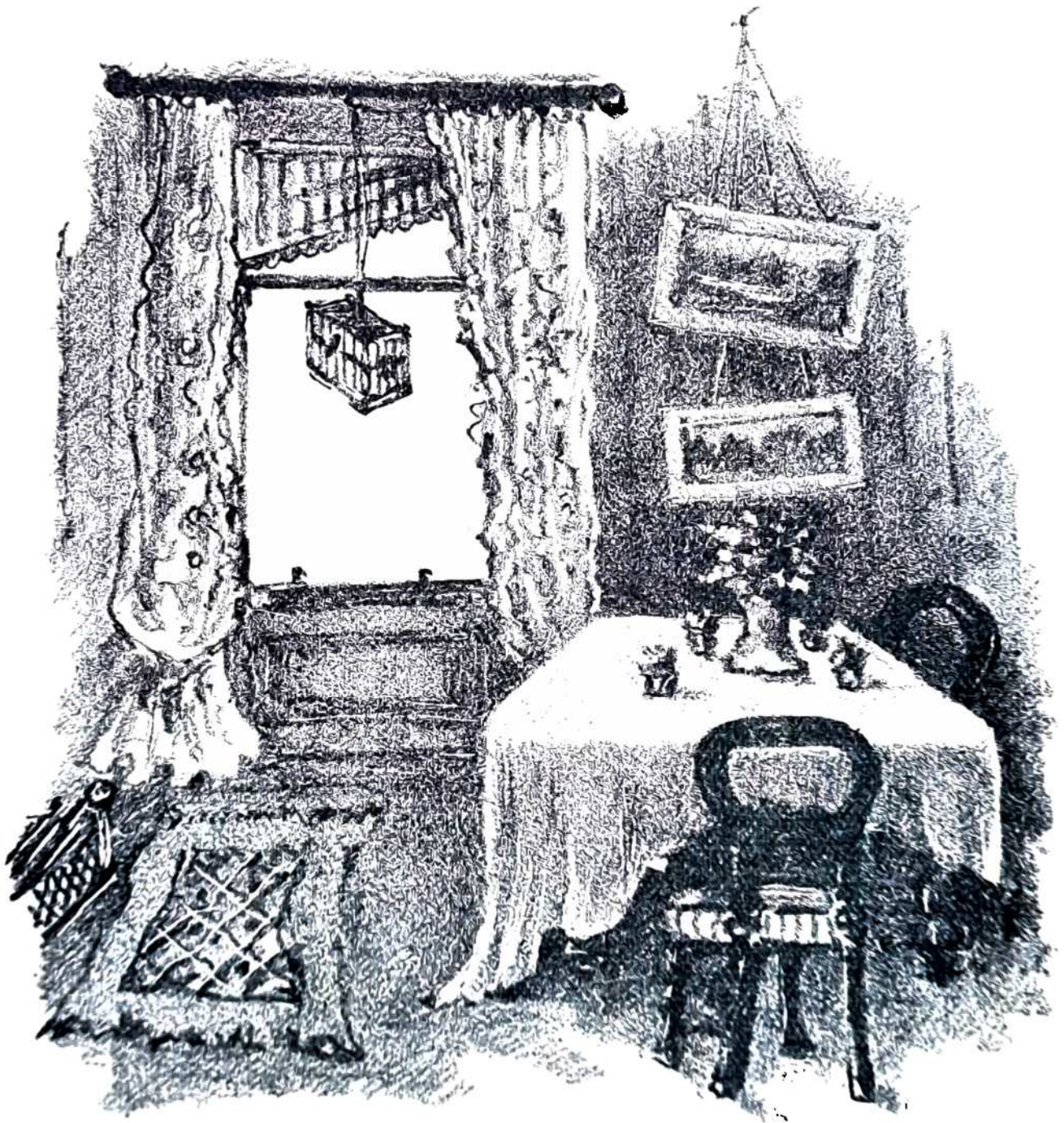
When wind and frost
cut keen.

The Crocus is the fire
that's lit

Or e'er the others
rise,

To make the hearth
and altar fit

For food and sacri-
fice.



"Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"

--Shakespeare.

*God is not a God of confusion.—1 Cor.
14. 33 (R.V.)*

IF one were to give two boys knives on a Saturday morning, each of the knives would be like its owner, in some ways, at night. The tickets of passengers by the same train become, in measure, like the people who carry them, before the end of the journey. And just as things become like us, so we become like the things, and like the people, that surround us, if we don't take care!

There is nothing in that room in the illustration that is in the least like anything in any room King David was ever in when he was a boy. But if that had been the way his mother kept her house, he never would have faced Goliath, or if he had, he would not have dared to do it with only five stones in his shepherd's bag. Even with a hundred his hitting the giant would have been all a matter of chance. He couldn't have had what we call a straight, or a true eye, in his head.

We should remember, too, what God said to the Israelites: "The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp; therefore shall thy camp be holy, that He see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee."

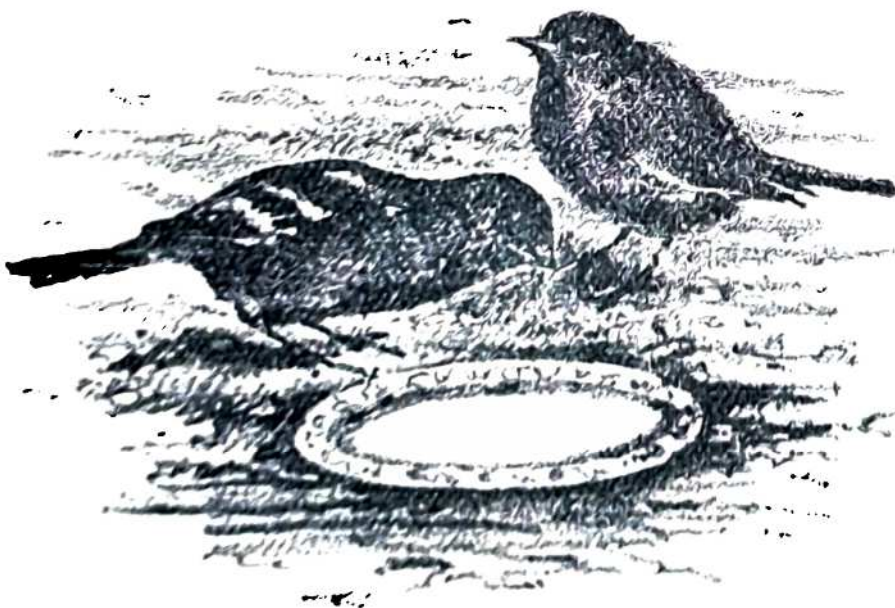
Further, He wishes everything about us to be sweet and nice, not only for His sake, but that all who look at us may be compelled to say, like Balaam, How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! The Lord thy God is with thee.



"Delays are not Denials."

WHEN the ten o'clock whistle blew and still there was nothing in the plate, the Sparrow and the Robin were not a little put about. Breakfast had never been so late before. The Sparrow asked if it wasn't as great hypocrisy to put out a platter that was clean in the inside and thereby deceive poor birds, as to have one in the house that was clean only on the outside.

The Robin tried to silence it by saying that its mother used to say, "Delays are not Denials, and if wise people, who have always been kind to you, suddenly seem to forget you, there must be a good reason for it."



And so it turned out. For when the lady of the house had been coming out with food at 9 o'clock that morning, a friend with a big black retriever, who was making a passing call, had said to her, "Better wait till I'm gone, else Bismarck will clear the plate with one lick of his tongue."

When the friend and his dog left at 10.10, and the lady two minutes afterwards came out and filled the plate, the Robin turned to the Sparrow—they were both sitting under a rhododendron bush—and said, "Now who was right? Didn't I tell you?"

The New Zealand Rugby Football Team.

And the Angel said unto Peter, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. AND SO HE DID.—Acts 12, 8.

THE New Zealand team which visited Britain last winter, called the "All-Blacks" from their football dress, played 32 matches against English, Irish, Welsh, and Scottish teams, scored 830 points to 39 against them, and were only defeated once, and that defeat, so say some of the victorious Welsh team themselves, was due to the mistake of one of the referees. Yet when these New Zealanders first offered to play in Scotland, the committee who have charge of these things in Edinburgh hesitated about accepting the offer, refused to guarantee them even their expenses, and finally told them that if they cared to come they would get all the money that might be paid at

the gate, but not one penny more. The New Zealanders came, and Scotland was defeated, and that in the presence of such a crowd as is not often seen!

The continual victories of these far-comers, says a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. E. H. D. Sewell, a gentleman who followed them wherever they went, were due to the thoroughness with which they did everything. For example, "they shunned hospitality," refusing all invitations to public dinners and suppers, "that they might be genuinely fit for the work in hand." They suffered hardship, keeping themselves in training, like good soldiers, for "no soldier on service entangleth himself in the affairs of this life."

Here is another striking thing that Mr. Sewell says: "*I do not remember to have seen a New Zealander delay any match on account of a broken or badly tied bootlace.*"

Have you ever noticed how often Peter's girding of himself is referred to in the Bible? Men, Angels, our Lord Himself, all noticed and spoke of it. They couldn't help admiring the neatness, the quickness, the energy, the firmness, with which he did it. So to speak, it was a treat to watch him. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, When thou wast young, THOU GIRDEDST THYSELF, and walkedst whither thou wouldest"—as much as to say that, even in a land where every one carried himself like a king, no one knew how fine an art girding one's self was till he had seen Peter do it.

John Henry.

BORN FRIDAY, 3 MAY, 1661.

DIED, 12 APRIL, 1667.

WHEN you grow up and are getting a house of your own, as I have told you before, you are to lift fifteen or sixteen shillings out of the bank and buy Henry's Commentary—not Scott and Henry's, remember!—but *An Exposition of the Old and New Testaments* by Mr. Matthew Henry, "late Minister of the Gospel at Chester."

I wish to tell you about his eldest brother John.

There was great rejoicing at his birth, for he was the first born, the son of many prayers, and a goodly child, "his complexion sweet and ruddy, and his eyes lively." His grandfather wished him to assume the name Matthews, instead of Henry, but his father properly refused, whereupon the old man took such offence that he never darkened his son-in-law's door to the day of his death!

There are many references to the little boy in his father the Rev. Philip Henry's *Diary*.

"3 July, 1661. The first day of my son John's putting on a coat. Clothe him, Lord, with grace, with righteousness, with Jesus Christ."

By September, 1662, "he had in a great measure obtained both his feet and tongue."

"3 May, 1663. 'This day my son John is two years old. Blessed be God for the mercy of this day two year to mother and child and me in them.'"

"10 April, 1665. The first day of my son John's going to school. He sets out upon a long journey, if he have life and capacity, wherein the Lord be his good speed. Amen!" His first teacher was a Mr. Samuel Catheral. By the end of the year he had learnt to read English.

"In January, 1666, I entered him at the public school, being yet in coats, which had never been known there before. Within three weeks his grandfather died, on which occasion he was put into breeches, being to put on mourning." "He began his *Accidence*," that is, the rudiments of grammar, and soon "dispatched it." "That spring he was dangerously ill of the chin-cough, and we gave him up to God, who was pleased to lend him to us again."

"March 24, 1667, being Sabbath day, he sickened of the measles, attended with a fever."

"12 April. At sun-set this day he died, our first-born, and the beginning of our strength, a forward (that is, a clever) child, manly, loving, patient under correction. Have I over-boasted, over-loved, over-prized? Wherefore is it that Thou contendest, shew me, shew me."

"The Act of Parliament requiring all people to bury in woollen, he was wrapped in white flannen."

"He was remarkable for four things:

1. Forwardness in learning, having all three requisites, apprehension, judgment, memory, even beyond his age, and withal a great love to it, never seeking at any time to stay from school *Praeterquam aetatem*

nil puerile fuit, except in age there was nothing childish about him.

2. Tenderness of disposition, apt to melt into tears at the least show of displeasure, though but in a frown.

3. Patience under correction, which he had not often, because he did not often deserve it, and when he did, his penitence prevented it, if not altogether, yet in the severity of it. And this consideration taught me something by way of instance, in bearing the will of God in taking him from me.

4. Love to his brother and sisters. When Matthew sickened first he went to bed with him of his own accord, sooner than ordinary, and wept over him.

"He was of a strong healthy constitution, not smaying for cold in school like other children, as his master told me. He was full of action, stirring, *and what he did, he did with all his might.*"

"His sickness quickly took away the use of his understanding; he talked much, most of his books and schoolfellows, and once repeated distinctly the fourth commandment. He had learnt without book and would rehearse often the following verses printed in Mr. White's book, *The Power of Godliness*—

'Short was my life, the longer is my
rest,
God takes them soonest whom He
loveth best.
He that is born to-day and dies
to-morrow,
Loses some hours of joy but months
of sorrow.
Other diseases often come to grieve
us,
Death strikes but once, and that
stroke doth relieve us.'

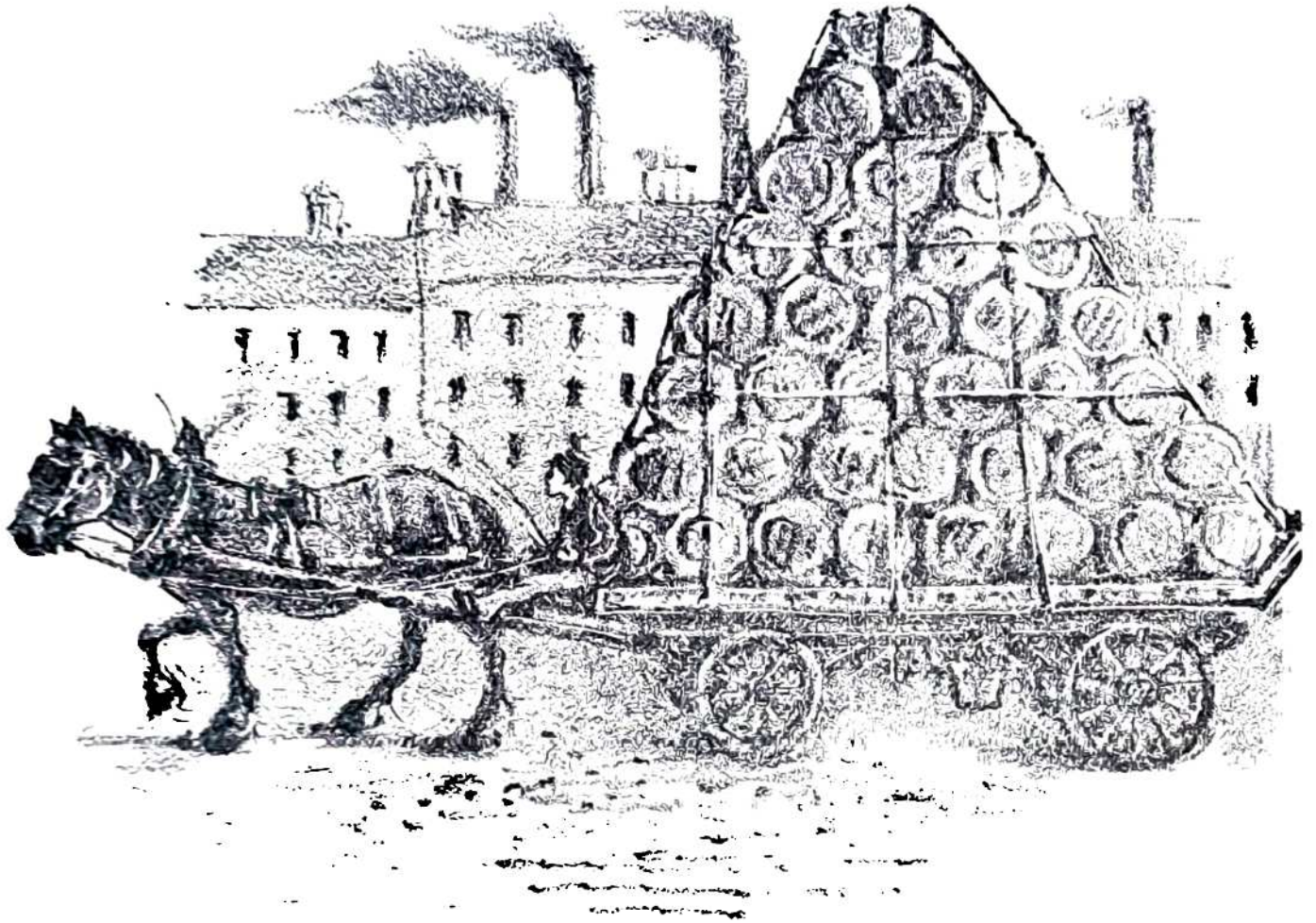
My hope is, through the everlasting covenant of mercy, that I shall meet him again with comfort at the right hand of Jesus Christ at the last day." Mr. Henry should have remembered, however, that we don't need to wait to the "last day" to meet our friends. The souls of believers meet in Paradise the very day they pass away, according to our Lord's promise to the Dying Thief.

Mr. Henry never forgot his little boy, and in his Diary in after years we have such entries as these:

"This day was fourteen year about sun-set the Lord took my first-born son from me with a stroke. In the remembrance whereof my heart melted this evening. I begged pardon for the Jonah that raised that storm, and blessed the Lord that hath spared the rest. I begged mercy, mercy, for every one of them. and absolutely and unreservedly devoted and dedicated them, myself, my whole self, estate, interest, life, to the will and service of that God from whom I received all. Father, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come."

"3 May, 1678. If my son John had lived to this day, he had been seventeen years of age, but God prevented, yet I desire to be thankful I had such a son."

If the story of this little child's short life does any of you any good, it will add to his surprise and joy and glory, as well as to God's, at the last day. You will be a crown of rejoicing to him as well as to his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.



Reasons for not going to Church. Stb Series.—No. 3.

This man, who is one of the drivers in a large cooperage, used to go to church on an average once a fortnight. He sat in the gallery, which is very steep, and there were five motherless children in the seat behind him. The last three times he was in church one of these children knocked its Testament over on the top of him. He is not going to say whether it was done intentionally or not. But, however it was done—and he has his suspicions—it wasn't very pleasant, and he is not going back. The seat in front is empty, and according to the deacons' books there are 153 other vacant sittings he might choose from. But he says that "if he is not to be allowed to sit in peace and comfort in the seat he has sat in all his life, and his mother before him, he is not going to sit in any other to please anybody, and that's an end to it."

- 1 TH Speak, Lord.—*1 Sam. 3, 9.* "A wish to know about plants arose from a chance remark I overheard a lady make in a Hertford street when I was thirteen—'We found quite a rarity the other day, the *Monotropa*.'"—*Autobiography of A. R. Wallace.*
- 2 F He planted the ear.—*Ps. 94, 9.*
- 3 S The Lord led them by the way.—*Jer. 2, 17.*

- 4 S My soul thirsteth for God.—*Ps. 42, 1-11.*
- 5 M They continually say unto me, Where is thy God?
- 6 TU O my God, my soul is cast down within me.
- 7 W Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the day-time,
- 8 TH And in the night His song shall be with me.
- 9 F Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God:
- 10 S For I shall yet praise Him. "At sea, 6 Sep., 1888. Last night as I lay under my blanket in the cockpit I had a vision of Drummond Street, Edinburgh. I remembered all I hoped and feared; how I feared I should make a mere shipwreck, and yet timidly hoped not; how I feared I should never have a friend, far less a wife, and yet passionately hoped I might; how I hoped I should possibly write one little book, etc., etc. And then now—what a change! I feel somehow as if I should like the incident set down upon a brass plate at the corner of that dreary thorough-fare for all students to read when their hearts are down."—*R. L. Stevenson's Letters.*

- 11 S Behold, I come seeking fruit, and find none.—*Luke 13, 7.*
- 12 M Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?
- 13 TU Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?—*Zech. 3, 2.*
- 14 W Lord, I have heard of this man, how much evil he did.—*Acts 9, 13.*
- 15 TH But the Lord said, He is a chosen vessel unto me.
- 16 F Destroy it not. "Fallen 2 oak trees, intended for the fire, but proved good timber for use."—*Philip Henry's Diary.*
- 17 S For a blessing is in it.—*Is. 65, 8.*

- 18 S One day is with the Lord as a thousand years,
- 19 M And a thousand years as one day.—*2 Peter 3, 8.*
- 20 TU Boast not thyself of to-morrow;
- 21 W For thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.—*Prov. 27, 1.*
- 22 TH In God we boast all the day long.—*Ps. 44, 8.*
- 23 F Cause me to hear Thy loving-kindness in the morning.—*Ps. 143, 8.*
- 24 S I will lay me down in peace.—*Ps. 4, 8.* "Our existence is always a story. In the fiery alphabet of every sunset is written, 'To be continued in our next.'"—*W. K. Chesterton.*

- 25 S Look from the place where thou art, north, south, east and west.—*Gen. 13, 14.*
- 26 M Look to the hole of the pit whence ye were digged.—*Is. 51, 1.*
- 27 TU Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—*1 Sam. 7, 12.*
- 28 W I will keep thee whithersoever thou goest.—*Gen. 28, 15 (R. V.)*
- 29 TH I go, not knowing the things that shall befall me.—*Acts 20, 22.*
- 30 F These follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.—*Rev. 14, 4.*
- 31 S The city lieth foursquare.—*Rev. 21, 16.* There's no lopsidedness in God's plans.

April, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 4.



"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., XVI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.—Prov. 25, 12.

LADY MARIA JOSEPHA HOLROYD, 1771-1863, daughter of the first Earl of Sheffield, and herself a friend of Edward Gibbon the historian, afterwards wife of Lord Stanley of Alderley, was a woman of such violent temper that to visit her partook of the nature of an adventure. Yet she liked people who were not afraid of her, and always heartily enjoyed a joke.

One evening at a party she had given, so the story goes, she raged and stormed because the gentlemen sat a long time by themselves after the ladies had gone to the drawing-room. When at length they appeared, she said to the first of them who entered the room, old Mr. Davenport of Capesthorpe, "Well, now, what *have* you been doing, what *can* you have found to talk about to keep you so long?"

"Would you really like to know what we have been talking about?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, "and I insist upon knowing."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Davenport very deliberately, "we talked first about the loss of money there had been in the salt mines in Cheshire of late, and talking about salt led us on inadvertently to talk about pepper, and pepper led us on to cayenne, and *that*, Lady Stanley, led us on to yourself!"

The old gentleman's answer, we are told, vastly amused her. So true is the Proverb, He that correcteth a scorner getteth to himself shame, but, *reprove a wise man and he will love thee*. Earrings, happily, in our time are not so much worn by wise and pretty women as they used to be, but a wise reproof, well given and well taken, is an earring that any girl may be proud to wear, and one that will never be out of fashion. It is such an ornament as is of great price in the sight of God Himself.

Of this same Lady Stanley it is said that her servants once quarrelled as to the order in which they should come into the room to family worship every day, and came to her to settle the difficulty.

"Oh that's easily done!" she said; "the ugliest woman in the house must always come first, of course." And that was the last time there was ever any dispute about questions of precedence.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 29.)

Philippa.

John Pym, 1584-1643, the first and one of the greatest of Parliamentary leaders, a heroic man who feared neither the King nor the House of Lords, had for his mother PHILIPPA COLES. She was early

What
is thy
name?

Phil-
ippa.

left a widow, and taking Sir Anthony Rous for her second husband, became the stepmother of that Francis Rous who lived to be a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines, Provost of Eton, Speaker of Barebone's Parliament—so called after one of its members, a leather-merchant whose name was 'Praise-God Barbon'—and, last and greatest of all, the chief author of our Metrical Version of the Psalms. Many of you have heard of the saying of Fletcher of Saltoun—"I knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." But here was a woman, strange to say, who had in her hands the making of the two men who made both the laws and the ballads of our land. Francis Rous, as if he had learnt to love the name—and stepmothers, so often so cruelly ill-used, are worthy of double honour, and more than double honour—chose for his own wife a Philippa, too. She was four years older than her husband, and died two years before him, in 1657. Lady Rous died in 1620. The minister who preached at her funeral took for his subject, "Death's Message to the Living," from the text, Eccles. 7, 2, "That is the end of all men," and speaking of her used these words: "She who not long sithence came cheerfully unto this place on the Lord's day, as her godly manner was, hath caused us mournfully to repair hither on this day. She who used to come in her coach is now carried in a coffin. She who used to hear attentively and look steadfastly on the preacher, is here now, so much of her as now remaineth, but can neither see nor hear the preacher: but in silence preacheth to the preacher himself, and to every hearer and beholder, that this is the end of all men. And by her own example, which is the life of preaching, she confirmeth the doctrine that neither arms nor scutcheons, nor greatness of state, nor godliness of life, nor gifts of mind, nor sobriety of diet, nor art of physick, nor husband's care, cost, nor diligence of attendants, nor children's tears, nor sighs of servants, nor prayers of the church, can except us from that common condition; for if they could, we had not seen this great and sad assembly here this day."

A few months ago I told you about Mr. Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General to whom we owe the parcel-post and postal orders, and about his wife, and their only daughter who used to guide her father when he was skating by whistling to him. He died in 1884, and some years afterwards that daughter, whose name was PHILIPPA, was placed in the Cambridge Mathematical Examinations List "above the Senior Wrangler," a Mr. Bennett of St. Johns—an honour it was thought till then no woman could possibly reach. She herself thought she had done badly in the Examination, but she was first by 400 marks. It was an interesting circumstance that the meeting, at which it was first resolved to build Newnham as a College for women, had been held in her own mother's house scarcely twenty-one years before, when she was but a baby eighteen months old. When the news of her victory reached Newnham, her fellow students carried her in triumph through the courts to a feast which Miss Clough the Principal had caused hastily to be prepared.

What
is thy
name?

Phil-
ippa.

Miss Fawcett, it seems, during her college career had made a point of going to bed, no matter how busy she was, not later than eleven o'clock, and so, said Miss Clough in the little speech with which she opened the proceedings, "I hope, my dears, this will be a lesson to all of you *to go to bed early!*"



The Daffodil.

— — —

WHEN Mother sets
the table-cloth
With all her pretty
ware,
The children know she
plights her troth—
There's Dinner in the
air!

So all our fears our
Father stills
In Springtime's chilly
morn,
The God who sends us
Daffodils
Will not forget the
Corn.

"An Israelite Indeed."

Having your behaviour seemly, that they may by your good works, which they behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.—1 Peter 2, 12 (R.V.)

SEVENTY years ago two Jews started a little grocery business in Jerusalem. After a time they both took to drink and then, having quarrelled, they agreed to break up their partnership. The division of the property was a difficulty, however, which neither they nor their friends could arrange.

There was at that time living near them a man named Calman, a Jew, who, though he had become a Christian, was held by all his countrymen in high esteem. Mr. Holman Hunt, the great painter, who tells the story in his autobiography, says of this Calman that he was indeed a man without guile. Having a small annuity, less than a pound a week, he had offered to serve without pay as keeper of a hospital for Jews, and though very young had been appointed to the post. Him the two grocers persuaded to take charge of the key of their shop till the quarrel should be settled.

While he was busy trying to arrange things between them, a violent storm came on one day. Now the two men knew that their shop roof leaked badly, and coming to Calman they begged him to go with them to see that none of their stock was being injured. When they reached the place, they found that some bags of coffee had been soaked through and through and, as they said, utterly spoilt. They told

him that as he had had the keys and was the guardian of their shop, he must make good the loss. After some vain appeals to their reason and their sense of justice he paid the money, chiefly because he knew they were both poor men.

Ibrahim Pasha was at this time invading Palestine, and in due course set siege to Jerusalem. Calman, hearing that all the coffee in the city was well nigh exhausted, and that any variety of it was being eagerly bought, brought out the bags, and having spread their contents in the sun, and having found the coffee to be but little hurt by the wetting, sold it at a good price which he took no pains to keep secret. Indeed he even made it known as an instance of how one gained by returning good for evil.

At this point, to his great astonishment, the two grocers again appeared, this time in mutual accord, stating that they had heard he had sold their coffee and made a large profit on it. This he at once admitted. "Then," said they, "you must pay us all that money in addition." This demand, he answered, seemed utterly unjust.

"Oh, no!" they screamed, "you will be cheating us if you do not pay us the money."

"If you declare that you think so seriously and solemnly," he replied, "I will not keep it back from you."

"We do! we do!" they shouted. Whereupon he handed the money to them, and they went off with their booty, glorying in their cleverness.

"What a fool that Calman is, and what stupidity his religion is," said

the one to the other as they made their way to the nearest drinking-house.

"Yes," said the other, "he is a fool, and it is his religion that makes him such a fool, *but what a wonderful religion that must be which can make a man so unselfish!*"



Owe no man anything, but to love one another.—Rom. 13, 8.

Mr. Lindores, U.S.

Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labour in the Lord.—Romans 16, 12.

THE Misses Glennison used to knit a pair of bootees, or a pair of gaiters, or a little spencer,—I had to look the Dictionary to spell that word:—for every baby that was baptized in the congregation. They had both been engaged to be married in their youth, men said thirty or forty years ago, but women said it was nearer seventy or eighty, but both their lovers had been drowned in one night in one of the fearful storms that from time to time visit the East coast of Scotland. To the memory of these lovers they

both kept true, and as they were always doing a kind turn to some one and never remembered or repaid an injury, and had clever inventive minds, they were naturally, and rightly enough, alas! pronounced a little 'queer.' Further, they were both very deaf, and always spoke very loud. I don't know their first names; we only knew them by kindly nicknames some one had given them long ago, as Miss Tryphena and Miss Tryphosa.

Though they could hear almost nothing, they always came to church, as was their duty, both on Sabbaths and on Wednesday, the prayer-meeting night, and as they had a mile and a half to come, they were, of course, always in time. Those who were early in church heard and smiled at the regular performance that went on in the porch when the old ladies came. If the elder at the "plate" spoke to them, they both turned to each other to ask what he said, and then told him, in a voice that sounded through the church, to speak a little louder, as they were both a little deaf, and didn't hear very well.

If, taking warning by experience, the elder simply smiled and nodded when they came in, they turned to each other all the same to ask if he had spoken, and then explained their case to him, as before, occasionally entreating him not to be angry with them, as they couldn't help it. Then, passing through the porch, they made their way to the little railed in enclosure beside the precentor, where the choir now sit.

There was one memorable day, when, through some accident to

their finery at the last moment, the two old ladies were a little late. Forthwith, not noticing that the minister was in the pulpit, they began to explain to the precentor in a loud voice what had kept them. Then, as he signed to them to be quiet, they turned to each other to ask what he was saying, and then as usual explained that they were both a little hard of hearing, that it had come on many years ago, etc., etc.,

CHAPTER II.

About two years after, the minister with whom our own one had exchanged for the day, was waiting in the minister's room, somewhat impatiently, for the Church Officer to come in and take up the "Books" to the pulpit. It had not occurred to any of us at that time that the Bible could have been put in its place when the pulpit cover was taken off in the morning, and that a man of ordinary intelligence might be safely trusted to go up the pulpit stairs and shut the door himself. The minister, I have said, was somewhat impatient. A pipe had burst in his study that week—it was the week after the newspapers had said there would be no more frost that year—and he had caught cold, and was suffering from neuralgia, and had slept none the night before. The Church Officer, coming in, explained that by his own watch it was just the hour, but Mr Lindores wasn't in yet, and he could see him on the road.

"And who is Mr. Lindores?"

"Oh! he's a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh that lives two miles

from here, and we all take our time from him, sir."

"Indeed! he must be a great light when he supersedes the sun that way. Are you ready to go in?"

"Please, sir," said the Officer, "let me explain. Mr. Lindores—

"There's no need to explain. It's after the hour. There's too much toadying to the gentry. Will you kindly proceed?"

"Do let me explain, sir. It will be too late afterwards."

"It's too late as it is. *Will you please lead the way?* Or shall I go myself?"

CHAPTER III.

The minister was sorry for the way he had spoken before he had gone up five steps, and, if the Beadle had not been too quick in his movements for him, would have begged his pardon. We could see by his opening prayer that something had saddened him. But just as he was in the middle of it, we all heard the Misses Glennison's voices at the front door. Next we heard the elder at the plate saying—"Sh! Sh! The Minister's in." Then one of the ladies said, "I don't hear what you are saying, I'm a little deaf. And we were both a little late to-day. We found a little black kitten at the back door last night, the blackest little thing you ever saw, not a white hair in it. And what does the little monkey not do to-day but knock first her spectacle case and then mine off the dressing-table! You see—"

"DON'T SPEAK SO LOUD, the Minister's in," said the elder.

"Oh"—raising her voice—"I



didn't know I was speaking loud. But you see neither of us hears very well, and the Precentor very kindly hands us a slip with the Psalms on it, and then the text, and if we hadn't our spectacles—but that little black monkey—”

“THE MINISTER’S IN!” said the elder once more.

“Oh, he’s in! is he? Why didn’t you tell me that?”

“I did tell you!”

“But you didn’t! Ask my sister here.” Then turning to her sister,

she said, "I was telling him about the cat—"

"Ay, the little black monkey !"

How long this would have gone on, I don't know, but happily Mr. Lindores took the matter in hand, and beckoning to them led them silently to their seat, and, a great wave of regret coming over him as he remembered the impatience he himself had often shown his own mother who had been even deafer than these old ladies, he took his seat beside them, just as the minister was giving out the Psalm. Then the very nicest young woman in church—she sat in the front seat at the side of the gallery—who had been struggling with suppressed laughter, gave an involuntary shriek. And then some children giggled, and the minister, losing his temper again, rebuked us for our irreverence, which, he said, had been all brought about by the unpunctuality of persons who ought to know better. "Unpunctuality," he said, "is one of the greatest sins people can commit. Time is the stuff eternity is made of, and to be careless of the one is next door to being regardless of the other."

Our local paper the Friday following referred to what it called a "painful scene in a church not a hundred miles from the East Neuk of Fife," and said, "the incident formed the sole topic of conversation amongst the members for the rest of the day." But that was only the reporter's way of putting it. Every paragraph about what happened in a church always ended with that phrase. The truth is, we were

somewhat put about at first, but after a little, we forgot all about it, the sermon was so good and so interesting. And when one of the churchwardens—if that is the right word for them—of the recently opened English Church said to some of us that he heard that Mr. Lindores was going to come over to the Church of England, we just laughed. We all knew him too well. In fact, he had been so interested in the sermon that day that he wrote out six pages of notes, which he handed quietly, one by one, as they were written, to the old ladies, who were thus able to follow the minister from the beginning to the end of the sermon in a way they had not done for many many a year.

CHAPTER IV.

Next morning, the beadle, who was a porter at the station, met the minister in the most casual fashion, and had a little talk with him.

"I'm afraid I made a mistake yesterday," said the minister, looking very penitent.

"Ay, sir, you made a good many. But I want to tell you about Mr. Lindores."

"I hope he is not going to leave the church?"

"Keep your mind easy about that, sir! He has done too much for it to do that. There isn't his match for goodness in all the country-side, and though you wouldn't believe it, seeing him sitting where he was yesterday, he's as shy and modest as a little lassie. And as for lecturing *him* about being in time, no man ever saw him

one moment late before. We trust him for the correct time more than we do our own clock here, and we get the correct time from every guard that goes through the station. He enters the church door every Sabbath at five minutes to the hour to a second, and we all know that, and five minutes after he comes in our minister enters the pulpit. But yesterday, when he wasn't forward, I looked down the road, and when I saw the two ladies coming along as fast as they could, and Mr. Lindores walking slowly behind them, it all flashed on me like lightning, and I put it to him this morning when he was he was going off by the early train.

'Mr. Lindores,' I said, 'you'll excuse me, sir, but did you know it was to be a strange minister yesterday?'

'I did,' he said.

'I thought so, sir,' said I, 'and when you saw Miss Tryphena and Miss Tryphosa were going to be late'—that's the two old ladies he came in with—'you minded what happened two years ago, and you were afraid it might put the strange minister about if they began talking, and you half thought that I, knowing your punctual way, wouldn't let the minister into the pulpit till you came, and by that time the old ladies would be nicely settled in their seats?' And he just smiled and said, 'You should have been a lawyer, James. You're no safe.'"

"I see now," said the minister, "I made even more mistakes and bigger ones than I thought."

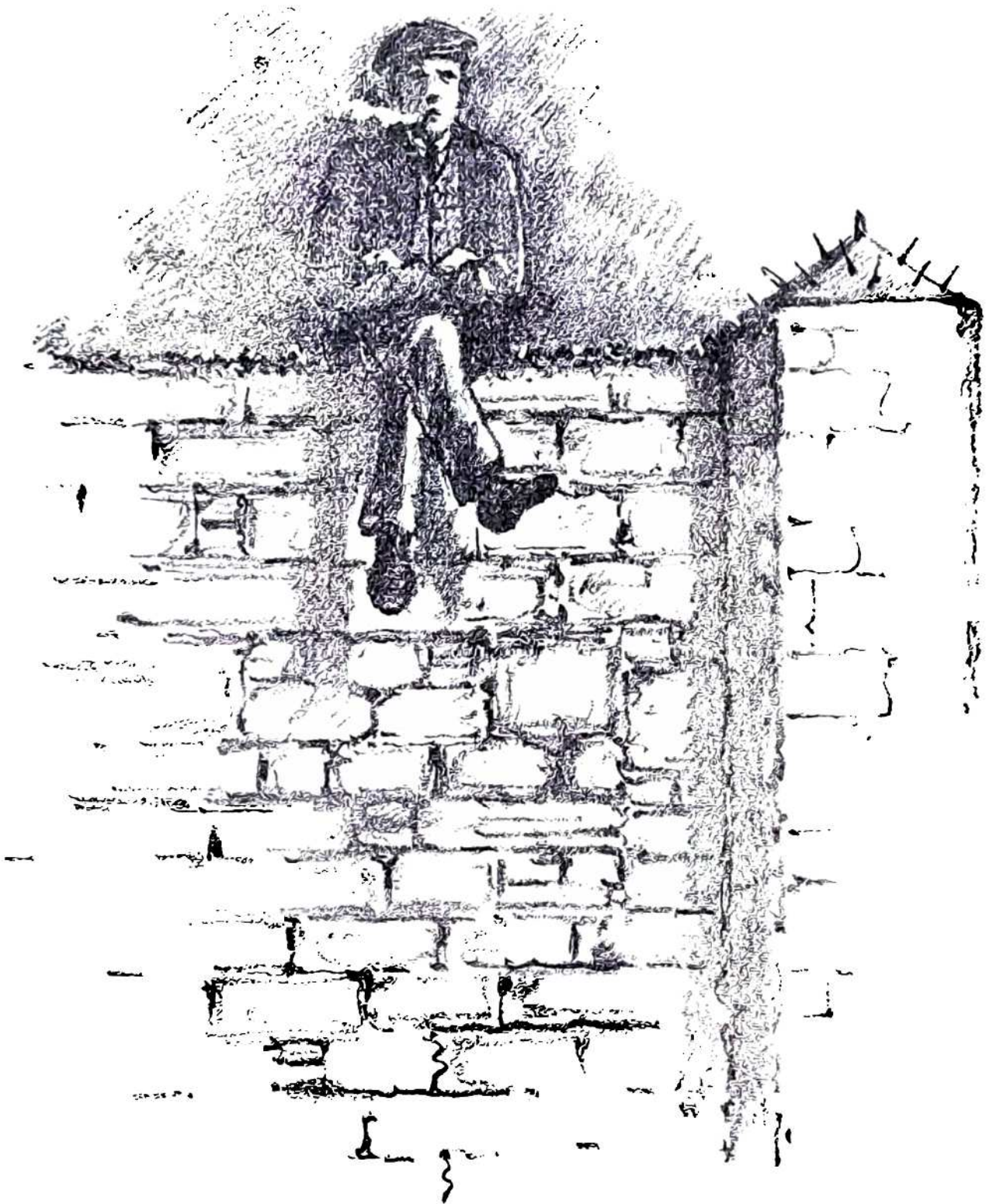
"You did, sir, but as I heard Mr. Lindores say to Mr. Patullo, that's the station-master, your sermon redeemed them all and more than redeemed them, and we'll be all glad to see you back again."

CHAPTER V.

Three days after, the young minister got a letter from Mr. Lindores with £2 "for anybody or any object he was interested in," and "Come over by the first train next Monday—it's a Bank holiday—and I'll get up a foursome at golf, the links are in perfect order at present, and we shall have two rounds, and you'll stay over night with me."

CHAPTER VI.

The rich manufacturer—a descendant of six generations of Dissenters—who was the only support of the new English Church, became a bankrupt a short time after this, and the poor Scotch nobleman who was the chief attraction of the church though he was only there three or four times a year, was made Governor for five years of a far-away colony, and I hear the church will only be open in future during August and September. And as the old ladies won't leave their accustomed seat, and they do find the notes of the sermon such a help to them both during the sermon and after they go home, Mr. Lindores now sits beside them, and the churchwarden, who has been reading up Scotch History, occupies meantime Mr. Lindores old seat in the gallery, and wonders what on earth ever possessed him to turn Episcopalian!



Reasons for not going to Church. 8th Series.—No. 4.

This man, who is watching a football match two fields off, does not go to church, he says, because there's no footstool in his seat, and he can't do without one.

1	S	They ate the bread after the Lord had given thanks.— <i>John 6, 23 (R. V.)</i>
2	M	Whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 31.</i>
3	TU	Meats which God created to be received with thanksgiving.— <i>1 Tim. 4, 3.</i>
4	W	Cretans are always idle gluttons.— <i>Titus 1, 12 (R. V.)</i> “My French landlady hangs up the chicken or goose for next day’s dinner in the little passage leading to my room, and through the night I hear stealthy footsteps, and a murmur of ‘Oh, qu’il est gras! oh, qu’il sera délicieux!’ as she pats it and feels it all over.”— <i>A. J. C. Hare’s Autobiography.</i>
5	TH	The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.— <i>Prov. 23, 21.</i>
6	F	Ye shall eat flesh, until it come out at your nostrils.— <i>Num. 11, 20.</i>
7	S	He would fain have filled his belly with the husks.— <i>Luke 15, 16.</i>
<hr/>		
8	S	While Josiah was yet young (16), he began to seek after God.— <i>2 Chron. 34, 3.</i>
9	M	Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,— <i>Eccl. 12, 1.</i>
10	TU	While the evil days come not,
11	W	Nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. “I am sorry we don’t meet. Soon we shall be such dodders and have only our disorders to talk about to each other. Already I cough myself to bits if I laugh, and wear goloshes—at least ought to. What will it be in a year or two?”— <i>Sir E. Burne-Jones to his brother painter Sir E. J. Millais, 1894.</i>
12	TH	I am this day fourscore years old : can I taste what I eat?— <i>2 Sam. 19, 35.</i>
13	F	Now my days are swifter than a post.— <i>Job 9, 25.</i>
14	S	They are passed away as the swift ships.
<hr/>		
15	S	Thou art a God slow to anger.— <i>Nehem. 9, 17.</i>
16	M	Learn of Me ; for I am meek.— <i>Matt. 11, 29.</i>
17	TU	A soft answer turneth away wrath.— <i>Prov. 15, 1.</i>
18	W	A soft tongue breaketh the bone.— <i>Prov. 25, 15.</i> “Never be angry both of you at the same time.”— <i>Philip Henry’s Advice to a newly married couple.</i>
19	TH	Forbearing one another,
20	F	And forgiving each other ;
21	S	Even as the Lord forgave you, so also do ye.— <i>Col. 3, 13 (R. V.)</i>
<hr/>		
22	S	God is no respecter of persons.— <i>Acts 10, 34.</i>
23	M	Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor,— <i>Lev. 19, 15.</i>
24	TU	Nor honour the person of the mighty.—When Lord Stourton was hanged for murder in 1557, they allowed him a silk halter in regard to his rank.
25	W	Ye shall hear the small as well as the great.— <i>Deut. 1, 17.</i>
26	TH	Ye shall not be afraid of the face of man.
27	F	A just balance and scales are the Lord’s.— <i>Prov. 16, 11 (R. V.)</i>
28	S	Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.— <i>Dan. 5, 27.</i>
<hr/>		
29	S	Yea, I come quickly. Amen : come, Lord Jesus.— <i>Rev. 22, 20 (R. V.)</i>
30	M	He shall surely live, because he took warning.— <i>Ezek. 3, 21 R. V.</i> Dr. Moberly, Headmaster of Winchester, rode a white horse, it was believed, that boys who were “out of bounds” might see him coming in time.

May, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.



The Lazy
Man's Load.

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

"The Morning Hours are Best."

MR. HOLMAN HUNT, one of the greatest painters of modern times, tells us in his autobiography, that one summer evening, when he was a lad, he was running up the spiral staircase that led to one of the Academy School-rooms in Trafalgar Square, three steps at a time, when he suddenly found himself overtaking Mr. Etty, a distinguished Royal Academician, then about sixty years of age, who was painfully labouring ahead of him. "It was with a feeling of shame," says Mr. Hunt, "that I found I had disturbed his toilsome climbing. I was too late to retreat, for he turned and saw me. I made my gentlest salutation to him, the more reverently, seeing that his infirmity did not quench his ardent habitual effort. He could scarcely speak, but stood aside and made signs for me to pass. I apologised, saying I would follow. Beckoning me close to him, he said, as he put his hand upon my shoulder: 'Go on. I insist! *Your time is more precious than mine.*' I felt sure that he wished me to take him at his word, and I obeyed accordingly."

From every point of view that is a charming story, and it is a very solemn one. Few men used time

more diligently than Mr. Etty, for he continued to be a student and a learner all his days, and yet the young scholar's time *was* the more precious after all. These were his morning hours.

They have a curious and beautiful old custom at Magdalen College, Oxford. Every first of May, at five o'clock in the morning, the choristers sing a Latin hymn from the top of the College Tower. Here is the first verse of it:

Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur,
Qui corpus cibo reficis,
Coelesti mentem gratia.

Thee God our Father we adore,
With praises Thee extol,
Who dost our frame with food restore,
With heavenly grace our soul.

It is a good thing to bid the summer welcome, and to do it early, if only you do it wisely and in the fear and love of God. The month of May is specially the month of promise, and every promise comes from God. It is one of the national sins of Scotland, by no means our worst, but a big enough sin for all that, that many people are afraid to marry in May, because they say it is "unlucky." The man or woman who thinks *that* is not fit to marry in any month. There is no such thing as luck; there is one living and true God and Father of all, Who is over all, and through all, and in all. If it is God's will that some day you should marry, as I hope it is, try if at all possible to make May your wedding month, and remember to ask Christ to come to the marriage and stay with you ever after. I have said all this to you before, and

may say it yet again! but I am anxious to do all I can to destroy this foolish wicked superstition and so help to take away a reproach from our beloved land.

They do well who rise early on May-morning, but they do better who rise early every morning, and they do best who rise without being called. Have you ever noticed how often we are told the heroes of the Bible "rose early in the morning?"

That phrase means that they set their minds, as we set alarms in our clocks, the night before, and their bodies had learnt to obey, just as a horse obeys its rider. And here, as in all other things, our Lord and Saviour is our chief example, for we read of Him rising not only early, but "a great while before day," and all who love Him and bear Him company will share with Him "the morning star."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 40.)

What
is thy
name?

Phil-
ippa.

PHILIPPA, like Philip, means *fond of horses*.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1340-1400, the earliest of great English poets, had PHILIPPA ROET for his wife. She was one of the ladies attached to the royal household, but it is evident from one or two things said by her husband about masterful women, whose tongue "aye clappeth as a mill," that she did not know how excellent a thing in woman it is to have a voice that is "ever soft, gentle, and low."

PHILIPPA, of Hainault in Belgium, was the wife of Edward III. and mother of the Black Prince. Her husband and she, returning once unexpectedly from the continent, with a few servants, landed at the Tower Wharf in London at midnight, 2 Dec., 1340, and found the sole garrison of the Tower, at that time one of the chief fortresses of the kingdom, to be the royal children and their three nurses. The careless constable or keeper of the Tower, Sir Nicholas de la Beche, had gone out to visit a friend and his soldiers had all followed his example. It was well for them, when they returned, that Philippa was there to plead for them.

In 1347 the town of Calais having been starved into surrender, mercy was granted to the inhabitants on condition that six of the citizens gave themselves unconditionally into the king's hands. "On them," said the king, "I will do my will." Then, amid much weeping, stood up Eustache de Saint Pierre, the wealthiest burgess of the town, saying, "I will be the first of the six, and will put myself barefoot in my shirt and with a halter round my neck in the mercy of the king." Other five quickly offered themselves, and the six victims were led out. "We be six great merchants," they said, "and we bring you the keys of the town and castle of Calais, and we set ourselves in such wise as you see purely at your will, to save

What
is thy
name?

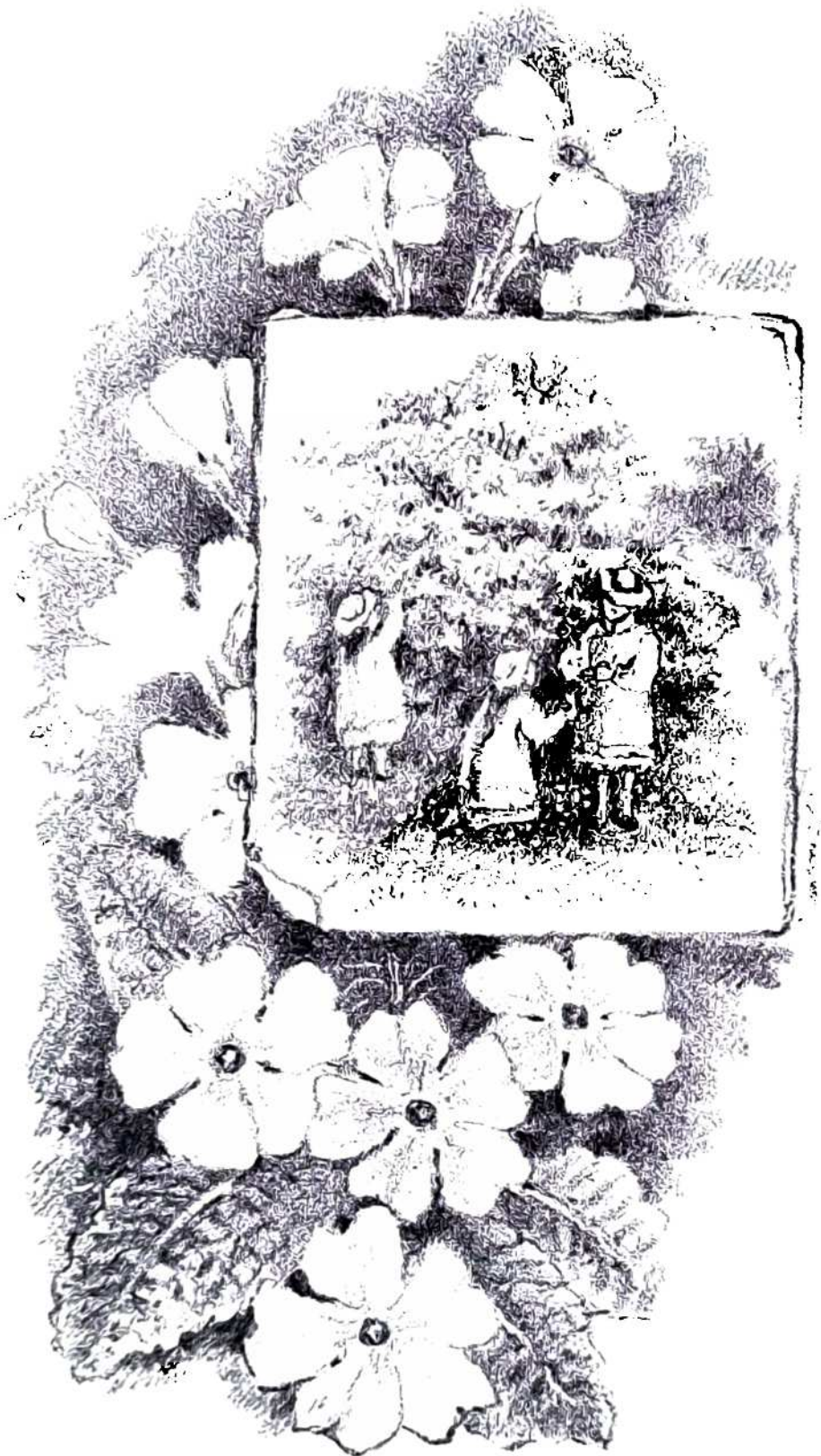
Phil-
ippa.

the remnant of the people." All who were looking on wept at those words, and the king himself for a time could not reply, but at length, hardening his heart, he bade cut off their heads. Then a gentle knight, Walter de Manny, pleaded, saying, "Ha, gentle sire! bridle your wrath; do not a thing whereby men can speak any villany of you." "Hold your peace, Master Walter," said the king, "it shall be none otherwise. Call the headsman! They of Calais have made so many of my men die, that they must die themselves!" Then did the Queen weep tenderly for pity, and cast herself on her knees before him. "Ah, gentle sire! from the day that I passed over the sea in great peril, as you know, I have asked for nothing. Now pray I, and beseech you, with folded hands, to have mercy upon them." The king waited a while, and then, looking at her, his heart softened. "Lady, I would rather you had been elsewhere; you pray so tenderly that I dare not refuse you; and though I do it against my will, nevertheless take them, I give you them." Then took he the six citizens by the halters and delivered them to the queen, and released from death all those of Calais for the love of her; and the good lady bade them clothe the six burgesses and make them good cheer.

Phœbe.

PHŒBE, which means *bright*, or *radiant*, was the name of a woman of whom Paul says, "She hath been a succourer of many and of myself also." She lived at Cenchreae, nine miles east of Corinth, a great port for Asia, and her house, no doubt, would be overrun by visitors, especially in times of distress and persecution. Some of these would turn out to be impostors, many would try her and her servants sorely and give them little thanks, but to have had Paul for a guest would be an experience and a memory that would make up for a thousand disappointments. She got many rewards, but perhaps the greatest was this that, apparently, she was entrusted with the carrying to Rome of the Letter to the Romans. Little did she think, when as a child she began to get the name of being good at going messages, that she was fitting herself for such high honour and purchasing for herself so good a degree. And what must Satan's rage have been when he saw that priceless package in her keeping and he could not take it from her, because the Angels had charge over her, to keep her in all her ways, and God Himself had made an hedge about her, and about all that she had, on every side.

Jeremy Taylor, 1613-1667, the most eloquent of English divines, had for his first wife, PHŒBE LANGSDALE, the sister of a favourite pupil of his own. It is believed she was in his mind when he wrote thus of an "affectionate wife": "When she hath been in fear of parting from her beloved husband, she heartily desired of God his life or society upon any conditions that were not sinful, and chose to beg with him rather than feast without him, and the same person hath upon that consideration borne poverty nobly, when God hath heard her prayer in the other matter." It was after her death that he wrote, in 1651, his greatest book, *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*.



*The Crocus, Primrose, Daffodil,
Their yellow flowers unfold
To show, the ground God bids us till
Is one great mine of gold.*

"The pastures are clothed with flocks."

Psalm 65, 13.



The Lazy Man's Load.

(See Frontispiece.)

JAMIE STRANG, seeing that to make two loads would keep him one minute past his time for getting away, made one, and before he reached the tool-house overturned four flower-pots, destroyed a valuable plant, whose name I have forgotten—if I ever knew it—broke two panes in one of the greenhouses, nearly knocked out his master Sir Marmaduke Abbie's little daughter's eye, and made a big rent in her nurse's new white pique dress.

"If Sir Marmaduke gets hold of him," said the gardener next day, "he'll break every bone in his body."

"And what more *his* daughter's eye than any other body's?" said Mrs. Strang; "and, besides, she's only his adopted daughter."

"My good woman," he replied, "no one will ever take Jamie for *your* adopted son. The likeness is too manifest. Body and mind you are a pretty pair!"



He is not ashamed to call them brethren.

Heb. 2, 11

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne. Rev. 3, 21.

At the Convention of princes and other dignitaries of the German Empire known as the Diet of Ratisbon, a city of Bavaria, two centuries ago, the Austrian Representative sat by himself, on a chair placed on a red carpet. Some of the envoys of the princes petitioned, we are told, that the front legs of

their chairs might at least be allowed to rest upon the fringe.

A person, who was attached to the court of our late Queen, has told us, in the *Quarterly Review*, that in the early days of her reign there was a rug in front of the fire, in the Drawing Room at Windsor, on which only Royalties were permitted to stand. One evening Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, who had been dining with the Queen and the Prince Consort, strolled about the room so freely that the Queen became excited and was heard to whisper in her agitation, "If you don't do something to attract his attention, in another minute he will be—on the rug!"

One hardly knows whether to laugh or to be angry when one reads such things.

"There's such divinity doth
hedge a king!"

Some etiquette, of course, there must be in palaces and courts, so that people may have some means of knowing who is a Royalty and who is not. Yet we look in vain for anything in the least like that in the life of the King of Glory when He dwelt amongst men. He loved to touch and be touched, He took little children into His arms, He let men lean their heads upon His breast, He even washed their feet.

And you and I get indignant at the paltry wrongs that are half-century old, and feel sorry for a poor creature like Bulwer-Lytton, and all the time we are ourselves standing far off from God and slighting the love that cries, "Come unto Me!"

Job 28, 16,

THERE is a member of our Stock Exchange who has a weakness, as we term it, for knocking stones and orange peel and banana skins off the pavement. And it is, no doubt, a little trying to be in his company at times, specially if our streets be crowded, and three or four fruit-eating children have passed within an hour or two. His repeated halts and dancings to and fro not only interrupt conversation and disturb traffic but attract attention, and most of us feel them to be reproofs.

But we had a good laugh at him one day lately. He appeared on 'Change with the end of his umbrella staff completely broken off close to the silk. He had been poking a bit of peel, as usual, down a grating, and moving on too quickly had done himself this harm and loss. It was a new umbrella too, a gift, as his confidential clerk told us—for we men are tremendous gossips—from an old widow lady for whom he had done some business without charge. The umbrella was certainly not improved in appearance by the mishap, and it gave us all much merriment. It was a slack day on 'Change, and some of us resumed the subject at lunch.

"It will cost our friend 3/6 at the least to put his gingham right again," said one.

"One-and-sixpence only," said another.

"I say two-and-nine," said a third. But on one thing we agreed, that



whether the loss was one-and-six or three-and-six, it was a great deal more than any gain either he or any other body could ever make by this ridiculous habit of his.

Having all agreed on this, some of us at once began to dispute it, and we proceeded forthwith to draw

out an imaginary balance sheet. On the one side, that of expenditure or loss, we put—

“By damage to umbrella, 7s 6d.” As it was an imaginary repair, and one that cost us nothing, we could afford to be generous and to do the thing handsomely. That is why we

valued the new stick at more than twice the highest original estimate.

But what was there to put on the other side?

Some one suggested that at least fifty men had had a good laugh over the business, but next came the question of a good laugh's value. One said $\frac{1}{2}d$, being the price of an evening newspaper; another said $3d$, the price of *Punch*, a third, a minister's son, quoting from the Book of Proverbs, said a merry heart was a good medicine, and a good medicine, to judge by the newspapers, cost $1/11$ small size, $3/8$ large size, and a joke like this must go under the second head.

"But," said a fourth, "a thing that puts a fellow into real good humour in these dull times might easily be worth, from a purely business point of view, anything from 10 to 100 guineas."

"We shall never agree on the money value of a joke," said a fifth, "so we must simply put it down as x , being an unknown quantity." The man who said that had been at the University, and had spent six guineas and two years on mathematics alone, and this about x was about all the mathematics he had ever learnt, and was certainly all that he remembered, but no wonder, for it was Mr. — that had been Professor in his time, and thirty years of students knew what *that* meant!

* * * * *

The remembrance of the way many of our College Professors treated us in those days makes me so angry, that, like Elisha, I would

summon a minstrel to calm me if one were anywhere near! But as there is no one within call, I must just take a turn up and down my room for a space of time to be represented by those asterisks. But oh boys! remember this, if any of you should ever be made professors in a University, and should discover within a year or two that you have not the teaching-gift, no matter how clever otherwise you may be, ask God to give you grace and sense to resign your chairs like honourable men! Better break stones for sixteen shillings a week than waste young lives only to qualify yourselves for a pension that can bring no honour and no blessing.

* * * * *

Return we now to the Stock Exchange, after this painful digression!

When we had put down $50x$ for the value of the mirth of fifty men, one of our number said, "But what for the mirth of the wives and children to whom they may tell the story at night, and for that of the people to whom they in their turn tell it? What's the mathematical symbol for that?"

"You have me there!" said our College-bred member, "but as the existence, not to say number, of these wives and children and friends is wholly uncertain, I think we should put simply a mark of interrogation, the mark for the problematical being surely different from the mark for that which, though unknown, is still certain."

So we put down " $500?$ " under that heading.

"How much for the value of our friend's daily example?" was the next query. "At least a hundred people must see him removing orange-peel every week, and say 5 per cent. of them imitate him, and these five are similarly observed and imitated, and their observers and imitators in turn——"

"In that case, you would have a 'snowball'—isn't that what they call that kind of thing?—that in time would cover the dry land and encroach upon the very ocean! You can't imagine a whole universe of men doing nothing but kicking off one another's peels."

"True, but we must put down something for that." So we agreed on $1000x$ on this score.

"Then at least one other x must go down for the man's own personal satisfaction in what he does."

"What about the shame and penitence felt by those who see they have learnt the lesson too late? Shame is not a common asset in the mercantile world, but it should be all the more precious for its rarity."

No figure, we agreed, could be put on this; a theological expert would have to be called in, and we didn't want that!

"But surely something can be set down against the legs and arms that have not been broken, but would have been but for our friend's carefulness?"

After a little discussion we allowed £30 as the average cost, in nursing, doctor's fees, loss of wages, etc., etc., arising from a broken limb, though had we been sending in a

personal claim instead of acting as independent conscientious valuers and jurymen, we all admitted, nothing under £500 would have been thought of.

"Well, then, say two broken legs saved per year, £60. That's the only definite figure we have got as yet," said the leader in the discussion. "What about all those ?'s and x 's? We must have some thousands of them by this time."

"Ay, millions would be liker the figure," said our mathematician; and then he added, "now that I think of it, we used to talk of x to the n th, or something like that, which meant x to infinity, and I think that this is clearly a case of that."

"But you can't put a figure on it?"

"No, only I can say this, that, put x as low in value as you may, x to infinity is considerably more than seven-and-sixpence, and our friend comes out of this transaction with a pretty good balance in his favour. I only wish I had the one half of it, and I would give you all a fortnight's invitation from the 12th of August to a charming place I know of in the Highlands that's for sale!"

Our talk had certainly gone on far too long, seeing it was in business hours, yet somehow we felt it had done us good. For six or seven young men with tall hats and spotless cuffs and collars it was surely something to have had even a momentary lift into infinity, for infinity just means eternity, and eternity means God.



Reasons for not going to Church. stb Series.—No. 5.

This woman does not go to church because "the Minister has lost a front tooth, and makes a horrid whistling noise when he speaks, and it goes through her head like a knife."

1	TU	Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.— <i>Prov. 23, 21.</i>
2	W	Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image.— <i>Gen. 5, 3.</i> There was an English painter, named Collinson, so sleepy-headed that all the figures he drew, even his "Wrestlers" and "Dancers," seemed to be half-asleep too!
3	TH	Do men gather figs of thistles?— <i>Matt. 7, 16.</i>
4	F	They that make idols are like unto them.— <i>Ps. 115, 8.</i>
5	S	Thus were they defiled with their own works.— <i>Ps. 106, 39.</i>
6	S	Thou wilt light my lamp.— <i>Ps. 18, 28, (R. V.)</i>
7	M	Is the lamp brought to be put under the bushel?— <i>Mark 4, 21, (R. V.)</i>
8	TU	Ye are the light of the world.— <i>Matt. 5, 13.</i>
9	W	Let your light shine before men.— <i>v. 16.</i>
10	TH	Thou hast set my feet in a large place.— <i>Ps. 31, 8.</i>
11	F	The lamp of the wicked shall be put out.— <i>Prov. 13, 9.</i> Lady Somerton's daughter, Nina, afterwards Countess of Clarendon, used to be put into a large china pot on the staircase when she was naughty.
12	S	Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in the blackest darkness.— <i>Prov. 20, 20, (R. V.)</i>
13	S	And as Paul reasoned, Felix was terrified.— <i>Acts 24, 25. (R. V.)</i>
14	M	A certain fearful expectation of judgment.— <i>Heb. 10, 26, (R. V.)</i>
15	TU	The devils also believe, and shudder.— <i>Jas. 2, 19, (R. V.)</i> No, no—we have outlived All passions; terror now alone is left us. I have within me great capacities For terror. — <i>Stephen Phillip's Nero.</i>
16	W	Art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?— <i>Matt 8, 29.</i>
17	TH	And they say to the rocks, Fall on us, and hide us.— <i>Rev. 6, 16, (R. V.)</i>
18	F	Now is the day of salvation.— <i>2 Cor. 6, 2.</i>
19	S	Therefore turn thou to thy God.— <i>Hos. 12, 6.</i>
20	S	Our days on the earth are as a shadow.— <i>1 Chron. 29, 15.</i>
21	M	And there is no abiding. Lord Houghton, being asked by Mrs. Lyttelton for an inscription over the entry to her house, replied, "There can be but one — <i>Linquenda</i> ," that is " <i>Temporary</i> ," or, literally, <i>It has got to be left.</i>
22	TU	They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims.— <i>Heb. 11, 13.</i>
23	W	He shall return no more to his house,
24	TH	Neither shall his place know him any more.— <i>Job 7, 10.</i>
25	F	When he dieth he shall carry nothing away.
26	S	Whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?— <i>Luke 12, 20.</i>
27	S	Set your minds on the things that are above.— <i>Col. 3, 2, (R. V.)</i>
28	M	Not on the things that are upon the earth. The Ellesmere mansion in London bears the family motto—"Sic, donec," <i>So, until—</i>
29	TU	Godliness with contentment is great gain.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 6.</i>
30	W	Having food and covering we shall be therewith content.— <i>(R. V.)</i>
31	TH	Yea, I have a goodly heritage.— <i>Ps. 16, 6.</i> "I saw country houses with these names: Buiten Zorg, Without Care; Groot Genoeg, Big Enough; Niet Zoo Quaalyk, Not So Bad." <i>E. V. Lucas, A Wanderer in Holland.</i>

June, 1906.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.

"Rest there."



Adhaesit pavimento anima mea.—Ps. 119, 25.

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV. and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me according to Thy word.—Ps. 119, 25.

Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field.—Job 5, 23.

LITTLE Jeannie Beatson was very glad when her mother told her she might go out and play for half-an-hour. She had not had a game at the "peever" for a whole week, and she had seen—on her road to church the previous Sabbath!—such a pretty set of beds, and had been longing to make some like them ever since. But, alas! when she was little more than well begun,

a neighbour asked her to go some errands, and poor Jeannie had to postpone her plans once more. All that she had done had gone for nothing.

A few minutes afterwards, an old woman from the country, making her first visit to the town, noticed on the pavement two words that Jeannie Beatson had written in the centre bed—

REST HERE.

"Do you know," she said afterwards, "I thought it very nice and thoughtful, whoever it was that had written it, and as I was a little tired, I just said to myself, 'That's real good advice, and I'll just take it.' And so I sat down for a little on the edge of a low wall that was there, and the rest did me a lot of good. There must be some kind people in that town, to think of weary and lonely old bodies like me!"

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 52.)

What
is thy
name?
Phœbe.

The Grandmother of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American thinker, was PHŒBE BLISS, daughter of the Rev. Daniel Bliss, a man who is described on his tombstone as "a flame of fire," a bold, zealous, impassioned preacher in an evil age when there were few enthusiasts amongst preachers of the word. Phœbe Bliss's mother was PHŒBE WALKER, "such a woman," says her grand-daughter, "as I have read about, but, except her, never seen. She never fell before affliction. My mother reproached her with want of feeling because she went to church whilst her husband lay dead in the house. But she was rapt in another world."

PHŒBE HINSDALE, 1783-1861, wife of a Mr. Timothy Brown, a painter, said of herself, "My history is soon told—a sinner saved by grace and sanctified by trials." She was born in Illinois, U.S.A., was left an orphan at two, and only learned to read and write when she was eighteen. She was in the habit after marriage of retiring for prayer

What
is thy
name?

Phœbe.

to a lonely spot by the side of a little brook, like that Isabella Campbell, of whose little sanctuary at the head of the Gareloch in Dumbartonshire a picture was given in *The Morning Watch* many years ago. Being surprised and ridiculed by a neighbour one day, she went back to her house, and after pouring out her soul to God, wrote the hymn of which these are the first two verses :—

I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

She used to send any small sum she could save to the missionaries in India and South Africa, and had in time the highest honour and greatest joy a Christian mother can have—the happiness of seeing her only son himself going to the mission field. This son, Dr. S. R. Brown, was the first American missionary to Japan.

Phyllis.

The name Phyllis naturally connects itself in one's mind with thoughts of the sprightly gaiety of youth, partly from its sound and its meaning—it is the Greek word for *foliage*—and partly from the use Virgil and Horace and other poets have made of it. Thus Milton says in *L'Allegro* :

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.

And yet in all the instances of the use of the name to be given here, there is more than a touch of melancholy.

There was a *Phyllis* long ago, daughter of the King of Thrace, who fell in love with Demophon on his return from Troy to Greece. He promised to come back from Athens by a certain day and marry her, but something hindered him, and he was late, and when he came, he found she had died a few moments before of a broken heart.

When the Roman Emperor Domitian, one of the cruellest men that ever lived, was assassinated A.D. 96, the only one to show his dead body any kindness was his old nurse PHYLLIS. Domitian was the younger brother of Titus, the man who besieged and took Jerusalem, A.D. 70, and was thought to have poisoned him. This Phyllis is one of the many nurses who have an honourable place in history. A very beautiful modern illustration of the high place a nurse may win is to be found in the recently published *Memoir of Henry Sidgwick* of Cambridge, whose sister was the wife of the late Archbishop Benson of Canterbury. He himself was married to the sister of the late Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour. One of the three portraits in the book is that of Elizabeth Cooper, who still lives, in her eighty-seventh

What
is thy
name?

Phyllis.

year, the old nurse who brought up all the Sidgwicks and afterwards all the Bensons. She has been over seventy years in the family!

There is a story told in *Addison's Spectator* of two rival beauties, PHYLLIS and BRUNETTA, who for a long time vied with each other on equal terms. For a certain festival Phyllis procured some marvellous fabric of gold brocade to outshine her rival, but Brunetta, having heard of her plan, got some of the same material and dressed the slave who bore her train in it, clothing herself in simple black. Phyllis was so crushed and mortified that she went home and died.

Thus saith the LORD, thy Redeemer: I am the LORD, that frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad.—Is. 44, 24.

HERE is one of eleven advertisements classed under the headings "Clairvoyants," "Spiritualism," "Palmistry," in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of Monday, April 16, 1906:

PROF. NIBLO.

ALWAYS CONSULT THE BEST.
ASTRAL DEAD TRANCE CLAIRVOYANT.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK.

MY \$5 COMPLETE LIFE READINGS, \$1.

\$1—LOW FEE—\$1.

411A ELLIS ST.

I DO HEREBY SOLEMNLY AGREE AND GUARANTEE to make no charge if I fail to call you by name in full, names of your friends, enemies, or rivals. I promise to tell you how to win the love of the one you most desire, even though miles away; how to succeed in business, speculation, lawsuits; how to marry the one of your choice. Removes evil influences, locates treasures.

How can I have good luck?
How can I succeed in business?
How can I make my home happy?
How can I conquer my enemies?
How can I marry the one I choose?
How can I marry well?
How can I conquer my rival?
How can I make any one love me?
How can I get a good position?
How can I control any one?
How make distant ones think of me?
How can I settle my quarrel?

HOURS 10 to 8 DAILY and SUNDAY.

411A ELLIS ST.

Permanently Located in His Own Home.

PROFESSOR NIBLO.

Monday, April 16, was *two days before the Earthquake*.

That was one of the standing advertisements in the *Chronicle*, one of the chief papers of the city, and no doubt it appeared in the issue that was being printed that morning when the Earthquake shook and the Fire burned the *Chronicle* building, with its nine stories and its bronze clock tower, 210 feet high.

Amongst the last words uttered by our Risen Lord, when He was tenderly bidding good-bye to His disciples ere He ascended on high, were these: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His Own power." The man or woman who professes to tell the future, the person who consults them, the newspaper owners that print the advertisement, deliberately defy the Almighty. "Revealer of Secrets," we are told in the book of Daniel, is one of God's Names, and the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain. His glory He will not give to another. Clairvoyants, palmists, spiritualists,

fortune-tellers, or whatever else they call themselves, are simply liars, and all their promises and guarantees are but the promises and guarantees of liars, impudent liars, that refuse to be ashamed, and are therefore worth nothing.

But some one will say that he has known things happen that these fortune-tellers have foretold. Well, God Himself answers that objection in Deut. 13, 1-3. "If a dreamer of dreams give thee a sign or a wonder, and the sign or the wonder come to pass, whereof he spake unto thee, thou shalt not hearken unto the words of that prophet: for the Lord your God proveth you, to know whether ye love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul."

But again, if you say you are only consulting the fortune-teller, or the palmist, or the crystal-sphere gazer, in fun, or you are doing it to aid some charity, or to help a church bazaar—you are none the less taking the Name of God in vain that you are doing it in jest. And as for the palmist, whether lady or gentleman, "as a madman who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am not I in sport?" And if you want to help either church or charity, bring your offering in a clean vessel, and present it willingly and joyfully to God. The church or institution that makes money by a lottery or in any other sinful way, "the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." And we see that all over Scotland to-day.

But, further, as Jonah tells us, they that regard lying vanities forsake their own mercy. There is not a single thing that the devil promises in that advertisement that God Himself is not willing and eager to do for us, if it will be for our good. All the questions Professor Niblo puts, and is willing to answer—if he has by this time secured a new Permanent Location—are answered in God's Word, and in God's Providence in due time. Suppose the professor were to tell you your name—and there are many tricky ways of doing that—is it not better far to know that "Thou, O Lord hast searched me and known me? Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising: Thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. . . . In Thy book all my members were written, when as yet there was none of them." *Ps. 139.*

Do you wish to *locate treasures*? Take hold of Christ, in "Whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." *Col. 2, 3.*

Do you wish to *remove evil influences*? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" *Rom. 8, 31.* "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with His feathers. *Ps. 91.*

How can I have good luck? "The Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man." *Gen. 39. 2.* (One of the oldest English versions

translates it—"he was a lucky man"!)

How can I succeed in business?
 "Prove Me now, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."
Malachi 3, 10.

How can I make my home happy?
 "The ark of the Lord continued in the house of Obed-edom: and the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his household." *2 Sam. 6, 11.*

How can I conquer my enemies?
 "Overcome evil with good." *Rom. 12, 21.*

How can I marry the one I choose?
 That is a question you will not put if you are wise. "For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this, or that."
James 4, 15.

How can I marry well? "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." *2 Cor. 6, 14.* "A prudent wife is from the Lord."
Prov. 19, 14.

How can I conquer my rival?
How can I make any one love me?
How can I get a good position?
 "My son, forget not My law, but let thy heart keep My Commandments: for length of days and years of life and peace shall they add unto thee. Let not mercy and truth forsake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thy heart: so shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man. Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding: in all thy ways acknowledge Him,

and He shall direct thy paths.
Proverbs 3.

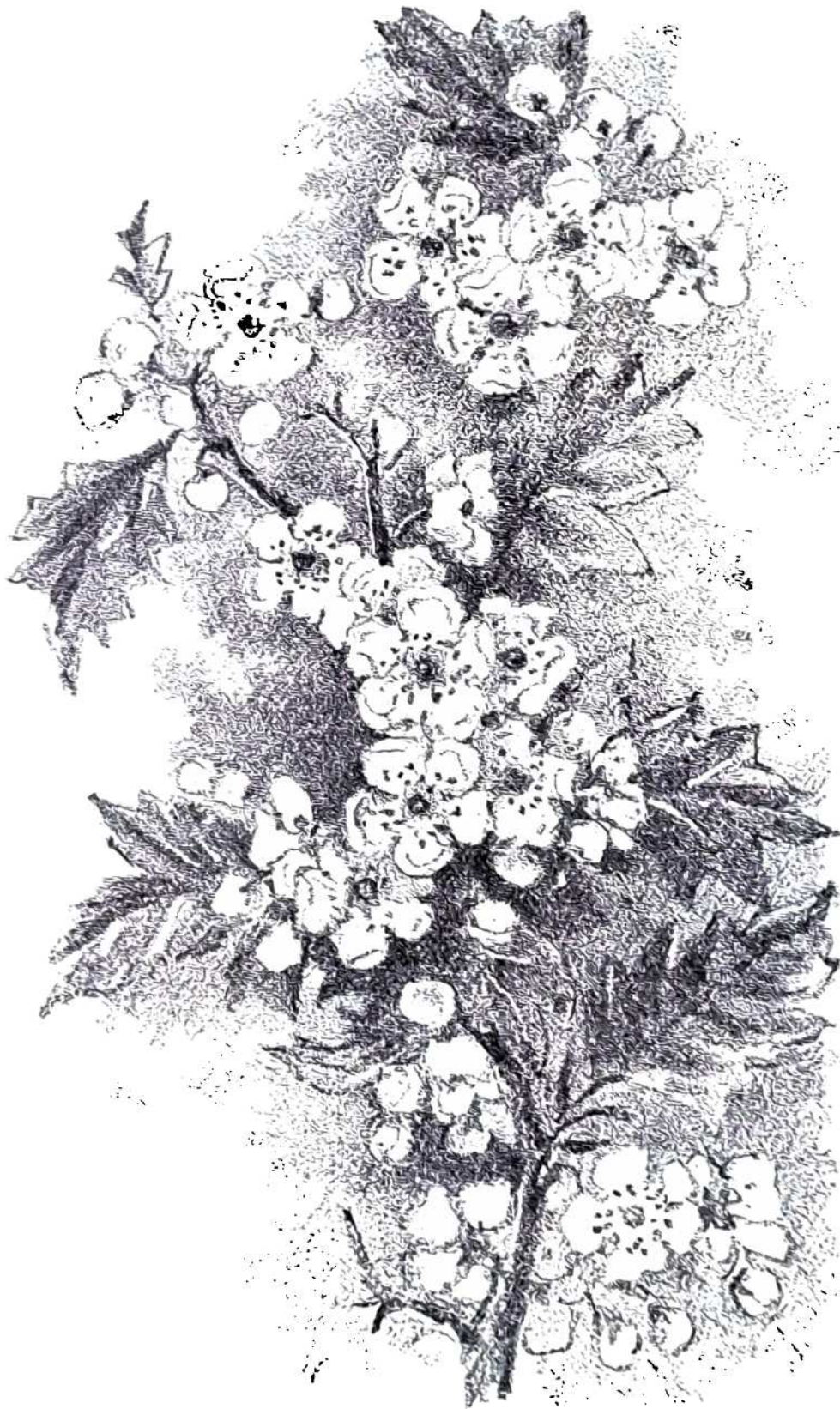
How can I control any one?
 Wrestle with God like Jacob. "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men."
Gen. 32, 28.

How make distant ones think of me? "Timothy came even now unto us from you, and brought us glad tidings of your faith and love, and that ye have good remembrance of us always, longing to see us, even as we also to see you. For what thanksgiving can we render again unto God for you, night and day praying exceedingly."
1 Thess. 3, 6.

How can I settle my quarrel?
 "Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace." *Job 22, 21.*
 "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." *Numbers 6, 24.*

These and all other questions that a poor sinful man may justly put, put them to God, to Him That is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. And the questions you are afraid to put, or that you forget to put, ask Christ to put them for you, if it be His will, for Him the Father heareth always.

But if you still crave to know the lot that lies before you, let this suffice you, "He That spared not His Own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?"
Rom. 8, 32.



Hawthorn.

The Two Currant Shoots.

*Yet through the scent of water it will bud.
Job 14, 9.*

Thy dead men shall live. Isaiah 26, 19.

"I AM going to have a big lot of berries this year," said one shoot of a red currant bush to another, one lovely March morning, "I feel so full of life."

"Yes," said the other, "I feel strong too, but we had better not boast. It would be well for us both to say, '*if we are spared.*' Many a thing may happen before summer. There may be stormy weather, and the old man who lives here may cut us both off. The bush is getting overladen. There are too many of us, and I saw him looking at us only yesterday."

"There you go preaching as usual," said the first shoot, "and always taking a gloomy view of things. It is a little hard that the last thing one hears before winter sets in, and the first thing when it comes to an end, should be a sermon. Whatever you may feel, for my part I have not one bit of fear."

CHAPTER II.

That day week a wild wind wrought havoc in the garden, and the Two Shoots found themselves lying on the ground.

"We are done for now," said Number One, an hour or two afterwards, when it had had time to think, "but I suppose you will be quite pleased at finding your prophecy come true."

"I am very sorry," said the other, "both for you and for myself. It

is so sad to have to die, and we were both so full of life."

"Ah well," said Number One, "there is nothing for us now, at any rate, but to be thrown into a rubbish heap and burnt, or else be left here till we rot, and I for one don't care now how soon the end comes. But one thing I will say—it isn't fair; we have been treated cruelly, most cruelly and shamefully."

"Certainly," said Number Two, "we are in evil case, and yet I feel sure there is some good in store for us even yet, and if we carry ourselves well in this time of trouble, there will be work and honour for us both."

"I do not believe it," said Number One; "how could that be? It is impossible."

"Well, for one thing, that old man has always a difficulty in finding enough stakes for his peas, and he might stick us in for lack of better."

"What's that you say? Make pea-stakes of us—us—us? Turn branches of a fruit tree into props for a common kitchen vegetable? You are most insulting!"

"I assure you no insult was intended," said Number Two, "I was speaking for myself as well as for you, and surely, surely if we can bear no fruit ourselves, the next best thing is to help others to bear it."

"I simply would not stand such degradation for one moment," said Number One, "I should have thought you had some pride left."

"I hope I have not," said Number Two, "I only fear we are neither of



us good enough to be made pea-stakes of."

CHAPTER III.

Four weeks later, the old man of the place, having a little early turnip seed over after sowing the six drills he had prepared, made one other row close by a little unused bit of wall. To mark the place he took the two broken Currant Shoots and

stuck them in the ground.

"Now," said Number Two, speaking to its comrade, for plants have a wireless telegraphy of their own, "we are to be of some use after all."

But Number One was angrier than ever. "It would have been insult enough if he had made us stakes to prop up his peas with, as you so kindly suggested some time ago, but to make pins of us to let him know

where he has sown *turnips* is more than can be borne. Two stones would have done as well. To think that I should have come to this! *You* will very probably think it a crowning honour, but don't say that to *me*. I have had enough to stand already, and you needn't say another word to me, for I won't listen."

CHAPTER IV.

For some weeks Number Two seemed to hover on the very brink of death, but on the 9th of July it was sure that death had come at last. There were strange sensations all through it, as if its fibres were one moment being pulled tight and the next moment were let go. Had it not felt it was dying, it would have said it was like growing pains! Three days passed and the twitchings and rendings grew worse, but with them there was such a sense of strength and of the desire to live that at last it began to wonder. "This surely cannot be death," it said, "*can it possibly be new life?*" And then it whispered to its old neighbour, "Are you sleeping? Are you awake? Do you hear me? Do you know, I think I am living?"

But there was no answer, and it was more disheartened than ever. It felt it must be dreaming, and to dream that one was living when one was really dead, seemed terrible.

Three days more were spent in agony. Then Sabbath came, and with it great joy. The old man of the house and his wife were sitting in their little summer-seat, as was their wont, after dinner—it was always a tea-dinner that day—talking

about a wayward son they had, an engineer on board a ship that traded in Chinese waters, and wondering if God would ever hear their prayers on his behalf. Presently the old man got up and walked over to where the little row of turnips was, and then the next minute he was back. "That's very curious, isn't it?" he said. "One of the two Currant Shoots I put in as marks is living, I counted three buds on it. And I thought it was just dead wood when I put it in!"

Then his wife went over, and she saw the signs of life too, and more than that, for she saw God! "After this," she added, "we mustn't despair of our Willie. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory."

CHAPTER V.

So the Shoot was called *Our Willie* after that, and that's the name it gets still, but it is a little Shoot no longer, but a strong and healthy little bush, with new shoots of its own, too. For "Our Willie's" mother watered it and watched it almost night and day, nourished its roots and cleaned its leaves and all for the sake of the other Willie far away. And what she asked for both has been graciously granted. The Engineer has turned out a splendid fellow after all, and when he comes home on furlough in August, the first jelly he is to taste on his favourite home-baked 'scones,' if all goes well, will be from a boiling of currants off his own namesake tree.



Reasons for not going to Church. 8th Series.—No. 6.

This little Girl is not allowed to go by her Mother, because "she has always been a timid, nervous, delicate creature, and the doctor thinks it well she should avoid anything that would excite her."

1	F	Drunken with the blood of the saints.— <i>Rev.</i> 7, 6. From 1483 to 1809 the Roman Catholic Holy Inquisition in Spain imprisoned 291,450 persons and burned alive 31,900.
2	S	Precious shall their blood be in His sight.— <i>Ps.</i> 72, 14.
3	S	Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?— <i>Ps.</i> 139, 7.
4	M	Thou art there!— <i>v.</i> 8. Cook's Folly, near Bristol, is a tower a man built to escape the plague. His food was hoisted up by ropes to avoid infection. But a venomous snake came one day in a bundle of sticks, and it bit him till he died.
5	TU	Though they dig into hell, thence shall Mine hand take them;
6	W	Though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down;
7	TH	Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search; and take them out thence.
8	F	Though they be hid from My sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them.— <i>Amos</i> 9.
9	S	The God of the whole earth shall He be called.— <i>Is.</i> 54, 5.
10	S	Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.— <i>Jer.</i> 45, 5.
11	M	For my brethren and companions' sakes.— <i>Ps.</i> 122, 8. "I do not think I ever heard a boy's name shouted at the interscholastic games at Edinburgh, it was always the name of the School."— <i>Life of Almond of Loretto.</i>
12	TU	Doing nothing through vain glory.— <i>Phil.</i> 2, 3 (<i>R. V.</i>)
13	W	Each counting other better than himself;
14	TH	Not looking each of you to his own things,
15	F	But each of you also to the things of others.
16	S	Grievous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of self.— <i>2 Tim.</i> 3, 1 (<i>R. V.</i>) "Cricket is not a selfish game, so long as averages are kept in the background, and a man cares more for his side winning than for his own personal success."— <i>Mr. Almond.</i>
17	S	O sing unto the Lord a new song.— <i>Ps.</i> 96, 1. "No good thing can be repeated."— <i>Prof. Raleigh on Drake.</i>
18	M	Remember ye not the former things.
19	TU	Behold, I will do a new thing.— <i>Is.</i> 43, 18.
20	W	They limited the Holy One of Israel.— <i>Ps.</i> 78, 41.
21	TH	His mercies are new every morning.— <i>Lament.</i> 3, 23.
22	F	The path of the just is as the shining light,
23	S	That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.— <i>Prov.</i> 4, 18.
24	S	I am as a wonder unto many.— <i>Ps.</i> 71, 7.
25	M	If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me.— <i>John</i> 15, 18.
26	TU	If ye were of the world, the world would love its own.
27	W	Ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you.
28	TH	They marvelled, and glorified God.— <i>Matt.</i> 9, 8. Men do not throw stones at trees which do not bear fruit.— <i>Arab Proverb.</i>
29	F	We will go with you,
30	S	For we have heard that God is with you.— <i>Zech.</i> 8, 23.

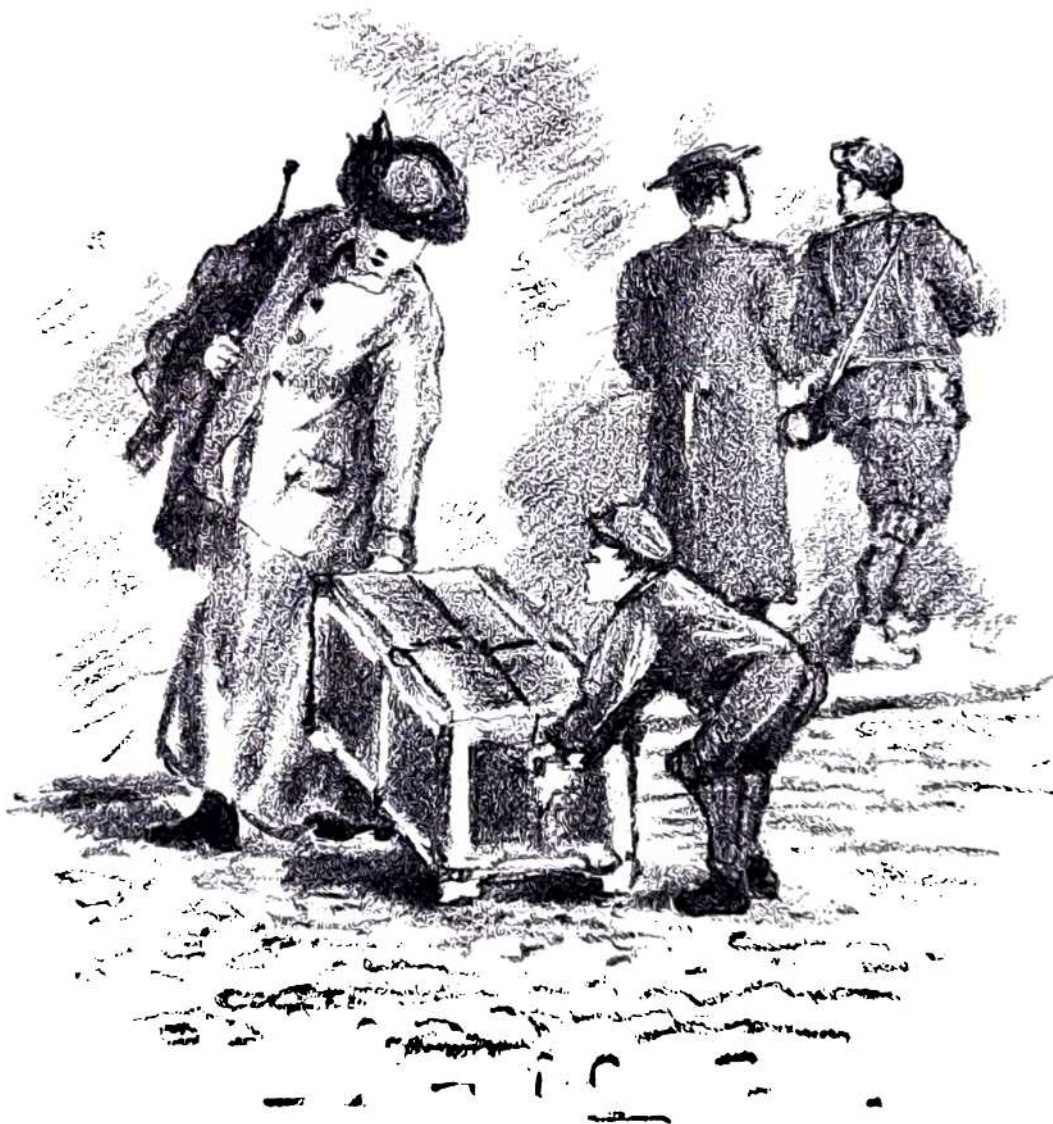
The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 7.

A Lost Opportunity.



Each of these men would have offered to help that maid to carry her box but was afraid the other would think he was "showing off," and so she and her little brother had to carry it themselves.

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., XVI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons.

Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God.—Acts 10, 4.

And a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that thought upon His Name.—Malachi 3, 16.

A GOOD Woman some time ago told me how strangely God had once answered her prayer. She was well on in years, and so lonely and at times so much depressed, that she wondered if God had forgotten how old she was.

It was a Communion Sabbath when things were at their darkest with her, and as she sat at the Table she was praying very earnestly and beseeching Christ to remember how frail she was, and how long she had waited for Him.

A little after, the minister began to speak to the Communicants, and told them it was their duty at such a time to remember Christ—"Do this in remembrance of Me." If they remembered Him, and all He

had done, and specially how He had died for them, they would never question His remembering of them. Their times were in His hand. Their tears were in His bottle, in His book. He counted all their wanderings. Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands; thy walls are continually before Me.

And just as the Minister was speaking, she noticed her own writing on the linen cloth that was on the Table in front of her, and then it came into her mind, what she had long forgotten, that when she was a girl she had helped her Mother and some other godly women in the Congregation to hem new Table Linen for the Communion time, and one of the things that she had done was marking it. And there, straight before her face, and before His Face, on His Own Table, was day and date and name of the Church, all done by her own hand nearly fifty years before!

Was that not a very gracious way for God to let her know that He had not forgotten her, or the kindness of her youth, or the love of her espousals?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 64.)

What
is thy
name?

Phillis.

Mary Frampton, 1773-1846, writer of a well-known *Journal*, had a PHILLIS for her mother who reached her 92nd year and died in 1829, after a long widowhood of five-and-forty years.

What
is thy
name?

Pleas-
ance.

LADY PLEASANCE SMITH, daughter of MRS. PLEASANCE REEVE, survived her husband Sir James Edward Smith, a distinguished botanist, nine-and-forty years, and died in 1877 at the age of 104. She was a highly accomplished woman, with a special love for nature and poetry, and there are many still living who remember her stately beauty. On her 100th birthday she gave a dinner to a hundred of the oldest persons in Lowestoft—their average age was 77—and she herself received a copy of *Our Life in the Highlands* from “her friend Victoria,” our late Queen. On being told that Dean Stanley and other members of the Antiquarian Society, met under the Presidency of the Earl of Stanhope, had sent her their kindest greetings, she said, “You must not tell me such things as these. They drive me mad. I find it harder to support the many marks of kindness and distinction I have received, than to bear the burden of 100 years.” Up to this time she scarcely knew the meaning of illness; her colour was fresh, she had kept nearly all her teeth, and her eyes were bright though the sight was beginning to fail. Three months earlier she had written: “I can yet see the landscape. This is a great alleviation, but I cannot see the lines I attempt to write.” She continued writing, however, till within a fortnight of her death. When she was in her 103rd year she wrote to a friend: “Oh that you were here in Lowestoft to see the wild beauty of the heath and dunes—a cloth of gold as far as the eye can reach—what was the ‘Field of the Cloth of Gold’ to this!” She never lost her interest in the great movements of the day, and did not think it right to say the past age was better than this. When people spoke to her of their fears of the seemingly dangerous tendencies of science, she said, “I am for enquiry.” Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B., Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, having once asked her what was the first thing she remembered, she said, “I am confident I remember being taken to my aunt’s when I was nine months old, and I can remember her eyes, and the crocuses in the border, and the flutter of the fringe of my own robe.”

In her youth her portrait was painted by John Opie, R.A., 1761-1807. When she was 103, Sir Richard Owen did what he could to get her to sit to the late Sir J. E. Millais. “Opie’s portrait,” he said, “shows the ‘human face divine’ in the prime of beauty—a woman of the highest race of mankind. Millais’ would show the same individual at a stage of human life never again likely to be a subject for art under the same circumstances. For the Natural History of the Human Species such a pair of portraits would be notable to all time. If the present opportunity is lost, it is most improbable it may ever occur again.”

Pris-
cilla.

PRISCILLA MULLINS was the name of the Puritan maiden whom Captain Myles Standish, 1584-1656, one of the most famous of the *Pilgrim Fathers* who sailed in the *Mayflower* in 1620, wished to marry after the death of his first wife. The story goes—you will find it in Longfellow’s *Poems*—that Standish, instead of interviewing the maiden herself, asked his scholar friend, John Alden, to do it for

What
is thy
name?

Pris-
cilla.

him. Alden himself, however, loved her, and yet, perplexed though he was, was doing his best for his friend when Priscilla astonished him by saying, "Prythee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" There could, of course, be but one answer to such a question, and the poor Captain had to go elsewhere.

Julian Fane, diplomatist and poet, died in 1870, aged 43, after much suffering. Owing to a trouble in his throat he was unable to swallow any liquid, and for a whole year could not speak. He had an extraordinary gift of mimicry. One of the things his friends often asked him for was his imitation of a thunderstorm, and this he did without the aid of voice or action, and simply by the rapid change of expression on his face. He could conjure up before the eyes of the most unimpressible people its whole pageant and process. "I have often watched him," says one who knew him well, "and never without seeming to see before me with unmistakable distinctness the hovering transit of light and shadow over some calm pastoral landscape on a summer's noon—then the gradually gathering darkness in the heavens above—the sultry suspense of nature's stifled pulse—the sudden flash—the sportive bickering play of lightning—the boisterous descent of the rain—the slow subsidence of all the celestial tumult—the returning sunlight and blue air—the broad repose and steady gladness of the renovated fields with their tinkling flocks and rainy flowers."

But perhaps the most wonderful thing about him was his love for his mother, PRISCILLA POLE-WELLESLEY, wife of Lord Burghesh, afterwards Earl of Westmoreland, daughter of the Earl of Mornington, and kinswoman of the Duke of Wellington. She died in 1879, aged 86. She was a woman of many accomplishments, being specially skilled in languages. Every year, from his childhood to the close of his life, her son wrote her a poem on her birthday. Here is the one he sent her from Vienna in 1869. It is not one of his best, but our reading of it may be in part an answer to his prayer.

Oft in the after days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky,
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face ;
Will pore o'er paintings by thy plastic hand,
And vaunt thy skill, and tell thy deeds of grace ;
Oh may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
Saying, "What love unto her son she bore !"
Make this addition to thy perfect praise,
"Nor ever yet was mother worshipped more."

So shall I live with thee, and thy dear name
Shall link my love unto thine honoured name.

Pansies.



The New Neighbours' Furniture.

WHETHER it is right or wrong to look at people's furniture when they are flitting depends entirely on the way we do it. Certainly it is a natural thing to do, and we have all done it. There is curiosity that is perfectly right, but there is also a curiosity that is wrong.

Neighbours can do much to make or mar our happiness, and therefore we do well to ask God either to send us good ones, or if it be His will to

send us bad ones, to make us the means of making them good.

Remember that they too are wondering what kind of people *we* are, and if they see us peering through the blinds—and see us they will!—they have already found out something about us that is not altogether to our credit.

Remember, too, that when people are flitting we see them and their belongings at a disadvantage. A piano and a washing-tub, a basin-stand and a rocking-chair, a mattress and a looking-glass, do not consort



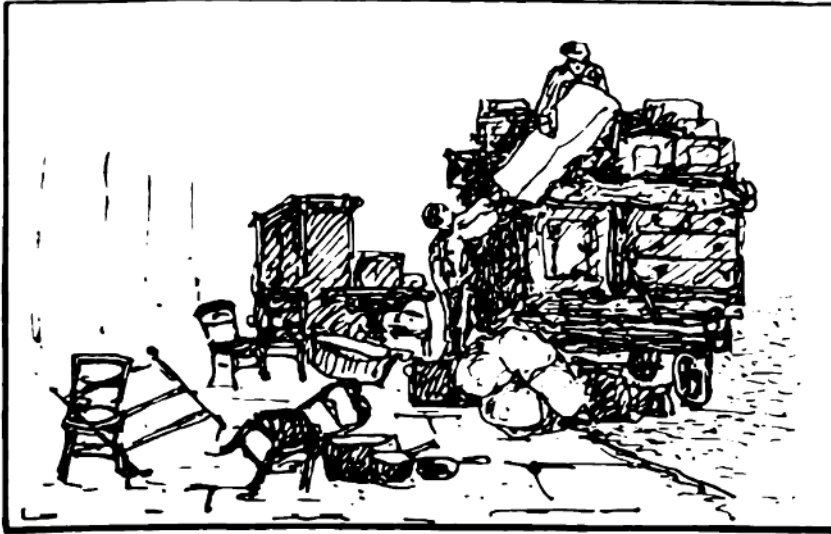
well on the pavement on a rainy day. And a huge empty parrot's cage is not an impressive spectacle with a fender leaning up against it. Five years now since the parrot died, and such a rare speaker, only it would

never speak when we wished it! And as a parrot's cage is a dear thing to buy, and a poor thing to sell, we have kept it all these years for the successor that has not yet been appointed! Yes, everything

is out of its proper setting hoisted up on the top of a cart, or lying ignominiously on the street with its seamy side exposed. People wonder why we have not made firewood of that old chair, but it was our great-grandmother's and she got it on her bridal morn; but we can't explain that to all those people who

are hiding behind the blinds. And those nondescript sheeted bundles, that they are calling rubbish, and imagine to be old newspapers and cast-off clouts—how can we tell all and sundry that they contain the manuscripts of immortal poems and the finest letters ever written, not to speak of broken packets of carpet tacks, and screw nails, and gimlets, and curtain hooks, pieces of green cord, and all the odds and ends that come in handy every day?

Remember, lastly, that you will likely have a flitting yourself some day, and what you do to others will be done to you in turn—*with interest*.



I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye Me in vain: I the Lord speak righteousness, I declare things that are right.—Isaiah 45, 19.

WHEN the late Marquis of Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada in 1873, his wife announced through the newspapers, as was usual, that she would be "at home," in Ottawa, on a certain day to receive visitors. On the appointed day, accordingly, she and the lady-in-waiting, Lady Harriet Fletcher, sat in state for several hours, but nobody came! At 5 o'clock Lord Dufferin came home, and having asked how many callers there had been, was told to his amazement—"Not a single one"

The porter at the gate was instantly sent for, and being questioned, re-

plied that he had told every visitor the Marchioness was "*not at home*" that day. How the mistake was made I do not know. But the porter produced the book that is kept at the lodge, or in the entrance hall, of great houses for callers to write their names in, and it was found that no fewer than a hundred-and-four ladies had come and been sent away.

Lady Dufferin sat down, there and then, and wrote a hundred-and-four letters of explanation and apology. Yet I should not be in the least surprised if some of these Canadian ladies believed at the time, and maintain to this day, that Lady Dufferin deliberately slighted and insulted them, and never meant to see them. At least one has known

Scotch women who would have taken that view of the matter.

Don't people treat Christ that way every day? He has been preparing for us from all eternity, and He tells His messengers to bid us "Come, for all things are ready," and the messengers make mistakes, and either don't deliver the message or do it wrongly, unkindly, ungraciously, and then we say, Christ doesn't want us, and never meant us, to come.

Now, let us remember this, that He is the Faithful and True Witness, all His words are truth and verity, and when He says "Come," He means "Come," and He means and desires nothing else. Whatever ministers, or theologians, or churches, or books may say, Christ will in no wise cast out any one that comes to Him. As long as we have His word saying *Come*, though we had but half-a-moment to live, that word *Come* means "yet there is room," and "yet there is time."

But don't grieve Him by putting off. Every moment you delay, you are crucifying Him afresh, that is, not only sinning yourselves, but making Him suffer more than tongue can tell.

In the *Memorials of a Quiet Life* there is a story of a poor labourer, William Pontyn, who said once, "It just be a comfort to know that God Almighty is always at home; *He* never goes out on a visit." Remember that; and believe that Christ is waiting for *you* just now; indeed, He is standing knocking at your door. Won't you open to Him?

The Rhyme

of

"THE KING'S OWN E-T-C's."

With Clement also, and the rest of my fellow-workers, whose names are in the book of life.—Philip. 4, 3, (R.V.)

I.

They sent me a platform ticket—
I think I can see it still—
And my proud wife wanted to stick it
Outside on the window sill.

"Your reward has come at last, my
dear,
I knew it must come soon,
You've worked for the cause for
many a year,
Borne the burden and heat of noon.

"That ticket is but the first of the
fruit,
Read me once more what's on it."
"Platform." "That means *you'll*
need a new suit,
I'll need a nice new bonnet."

"Platform, Bench K, Seat 23."
"No one dare take your place,
And you'll sit with the nobility
And shake hands with his Grace!

And your name will be in the papers!
Oh I'm just in a state of bliss!
And I feel full of frolic and capers!
To think you should come to this!

"And I think we shall order two dozen
To send to all my friends,
And one to the Chicago cousin
That's nicknamed "Dividends."

II.

Old Nanny thought her fortune made,
An end to all her sorrow;
"They'll think I'm in the wholesale
trade,
Three dozen *Gasettes* to-morrow!"



Three dozen wrappers, too, we bought,
 (My wife writes like a lady,)
 They were much cheaper than I
 thought ;
 We stamped and had them ready.

We got a ball of crimson twine,
 To do the thing right handsome ;
 "Yes," said that thrifty wife of mine,
 "Though it should cost a ransom."

III.

And then at last the great night came !
 'Twas disappointing, though ;

"Platform—Bench K." But all the
 same,
 K was the backmost row.

And 23 was the very end seat,
 Close by an open door ;
 And oh the draughts ! and oh the
 heat !
 And oh that organ's roar !

And I could neither hear nor see,
 And neither was I seen !
 My poor wife wondered where I could
 be,
 Wondered what it could mean.

And I didn't speak to one of the
swells,
And none of them spoke to me.
It's not a new suit, but old blood
that tells,
In that kind of company.

But we didn't let on, neither she
nor I ;
"She was fairly dazzled," she said,
And I hadn't seen her bonnet, for
why ?

I too had lost my head.

But the papers next day would put
all right,

Though it had been rather a mix,
And I praised her for having the fore-
sight

To order thirty-six.

IV.

And we got them, and opened them
out,

Five columns, I do declare !
A record meeting, without a doubt.
"The Lord Mayor in the chair."

A Duke, a Marquis, and an Earl,
And Barons of high degree,
And on the same platform a churl,
A common churl like me !

Four Baronets as well, one Knight,
Esquires of here and there ;
It must have been a glorious sight,
Yet hadn't I too been there ?

For you see I sat Bench K, 23,
Near the roof, mid spiders' webs,
Like a bit of old cork, tossed up by
the sea,
High and dry, when the spring-tide
ebbs.

But on we read, my wife and I,
There wasn't a name we missed ;
'Twas a great day in our history,
'Twas an enormous list.

And on we read, with a glowing brow,
Still looking for my name,

And we knew it couldn't be far off
now,
When the foot of the column came.
Then we turned to column number 2.
But—woe for my wife ! and woe me !
For the very first word that met our
view
Was this word, e-t-c.

V.

Would you like to know why my
fav'rite text

Is Philippians 4 and 3 ?

Well, both of us had been sorely vexed
And he preached on it splendidly.

"Whose names are in the Book of Life."
And what he said was this :
"If you work for envy, pride or strife,
You'll surely work amiss.

"But if you simply work for love,
And never think of fame,
Remember, there's a Book above
Where Christ records your name.

"There is a crown that shall be set
On each head that shall win it,
There is a Heavenly Gazette,
See that your name be in it !"

And he spoke of so many, great in fame,
Old Testament and New,
And God meantime withholds their
name,
But they did what they could do !

So my wife came home bright and
cheery,
Her mind at last at ease,
"I'll call you one, henceforth, my dearie,
Of the King's Own E-t-c-'s."

VI.

There's a lot of things I do forget,
But that night's lesson sticks.
Would you care, do you think, to have a
Gazette ?
We've still got thirty-six !



Reasons for not going to Church. 8th Series.—No. 7.

A Family belonging to that Minister's congregation have left the Church, they say, because he has only been twice in their house this year. "But he can find time to go and dine with the gentry, two or three nights every week, as they know for a fact."

Whereas the truth is, the Minister, who dines, happily for himself, at 1 o'clock, and takes tea at 5.30—his next meal will be porridge and buttermilk to-morrow morning at 8—is going to call on the scullery-maid, one of his members, who is lying seriously ill.

1	S	Jesus went out into a mountain to pray.— <i>Luke 6, 12.</i>
2	M	I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains.— <i>Ps. 121, 1 (R. V.).</i> “I look upon a hill as the best doctor on earth, and a mountain is Aesculapius himself.” (<i>Æ.</i> was the Greek god of medicine.) <i>Miss Kate Perry writing to W. H. Brookfield.</i>
3	TU	Praise the Lord, mountains and all hills.— <i>Ps. 148, 9.</i>
4	W	The heights of the mountains are His.— <i>Ps. 95, 4 (R. V.).</i>
5	TH	He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.— <i>Ps. 147, 8.</i>
6	F	Who hath weighed the mountains in scales?— <i>Is. 40, 12.</i>
7	S	He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.— <i>Ps. 104, 32.</i>
8	S	Who is lord over us?— <i>Ps. 12, 4.</i> “‘One’s own master’—a most foolish and untrue expression.”— <i>Sir James Paget.</i>
9	M	Ye ought to say, If the Lord will.— <i>James 4, 15.</i>
10	TU	The God in Whose hand thy breath is.— <i>Dan. 5, 23.</i>
11	W	I am Thine.— <i>Ps. 119, 94.</i>
12	TH	Yet have I made myself servant unto all.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 19.</i>
13	F	The angels—are they not all ministering spirits?— <i>Heb. 1, 14.</i>
14	S	The Son of man came to minister.— <i>Matt. 20, 28.</i>
15	S	O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?— <i>Matt. 14, 31.</i>
16	M	Be strong, and let thine heart take courage.— <i>Ps. 27, 14 (R. V.).</i>
17	TU	Tobiah sent letters to put me in fear.— <i>Neh. 6, 19.</i> “No man shall give a false alarm, or discharge a piece (fire a gun) in the night, upon pain of death.”— <i>Cromwell’s Articles of War.</i>
18	W	Caleb stilled the people. We are well able to overcome the land.— <i>Num. 13, 30.</i>
19	TH	Barnabas, which is, being interpreted, the son of exhortation.— <i>Acts 4, 36 (R. V.).</i>
20	F	He that comforteth the lowly, even God,
21	S	Comforted us by the coming of Titus.— <i>2 Cor. 7, 6 (R. V.).</i>
22	S	The last enemy that shall be abolished is death.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 26 (R. V.).</i>
23	M	The king of terrors.— <i>Job. 18, 14.</i> One who knew Edward Pellew, Viscount Exmouth, a great admiral and a godly man, 1757-1833, said, “I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed.”
24	TU	We are more than conquerors.— <i>Rom. 8, 37.</i>
25	W	Ready to die.— <i>Acts 21, 13.</i>
26	TH	To die is gain.— <i>Phil. 1, 21.</i>
27	F	Signifying by what manner of death Peter should glorify God.— <i>John 21, 19 (R. V.).</i>
28	S	Death is swallowed up in victory.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 54.</i>
29	S	Thou art weighed in the balances.— <i>Dan. 5, 27.</i>
30	F	And art found wanting. “The greatest of all disasters for a man, says a Greek proverb, is to be opened and found to be empty. We are not to avoid the occasion of opening, but to make sure that if the opening comes, we shall be found not to have devoted ourselves to the adorning of the casket, but to have piled with careful hands the treasure high within.”— <i>From a College Window: A. C. Benson.</i>
31	S	Empty, swept, and garnished.— <i>Matt. 12, 24.</i>

August, 1906.

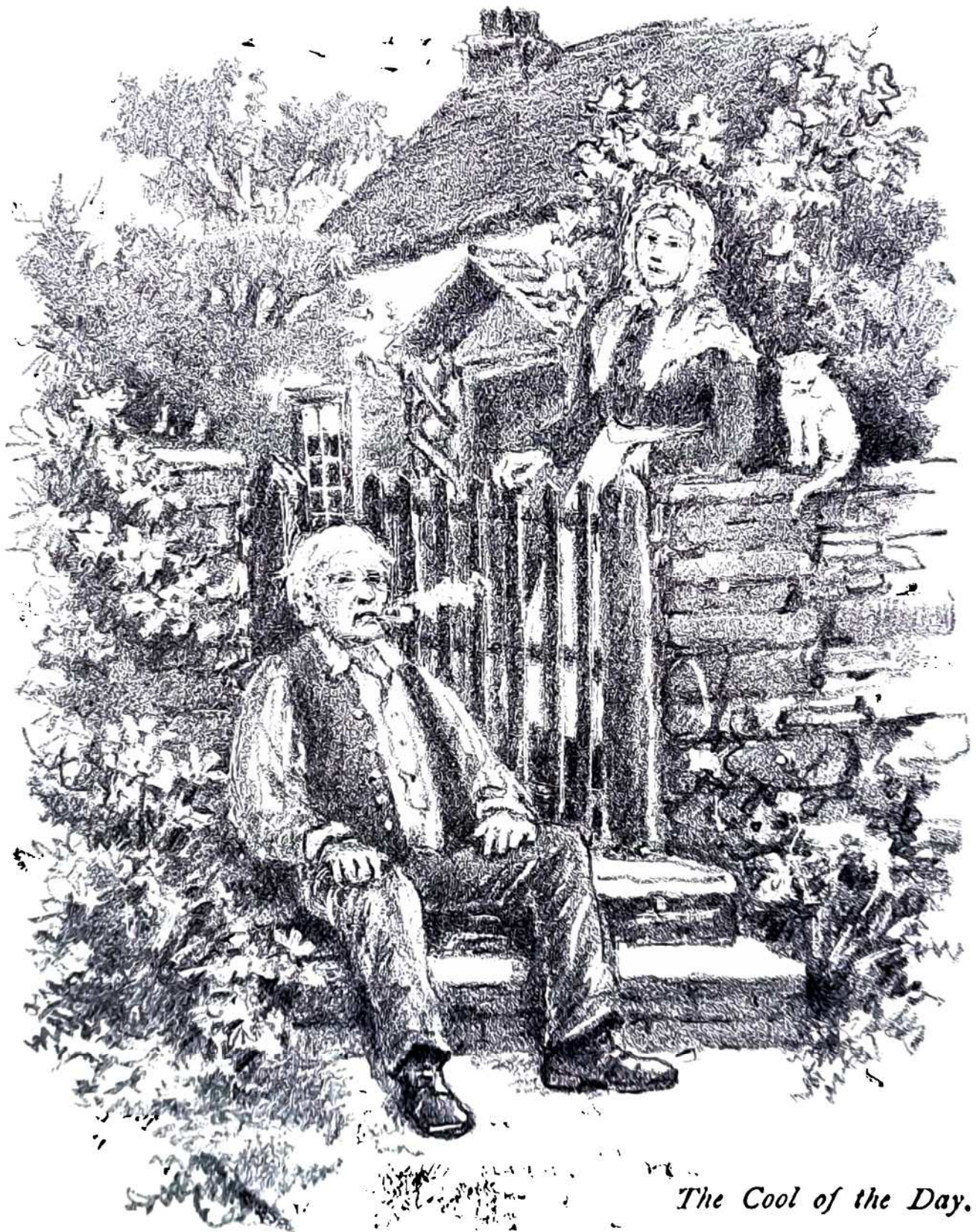
One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

OL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.



The Cool of the Day.

"THE MORNING WATCH" for 1905, Vol. XVIII., is now ready. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV. XV., XI., and XVII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

John Murdoch, F.F.D., 1819-1904.

THE students of Edinburgh and Aberdeen would perhaps affirm—for it is wonderful how full of pride and prejudice a University man may be!—that they have turned out more scholars, more professors, more lawyers, than Glasgow. But I think they would grant that Glasgow has produced, in comparison with them, more than its own share of Missionaries, and Missionaries, after all, are this world's best and greatest and bravest men.

Of one of these a most interesting *Life* has been lately written by Mr. Henry Morris, of the Madras Civil Service. The book is published by the Indian Christian Literature Society, Duke Street, Adelphi, London.

I had the honour of being introduced to Dr. Murdoch many years ago by his brother, and—I hope I am not too bold in adding—my own lifelong friend and more than friend, Mr. Alexander Murdoch, known to a generation of Glasgow students as Assistant-Greek Professor in the days of Lushington, Jebb, and Murray.

Dr. Murdoch went out to Ceylon to take up a Government Educa-

tional appointment in 1844, but having resigned it in 1849 from conscientious scruples, devoted the rest of his life to the writing, publishing, and disseminating of Christian literature throughout our great Eastern Empire. When he died, he wanted but one week to complete sixty years of active missionary labour. During all that time he had kept a diary. The last entry in it was written on his eighty-fifth birthday, when he was very ill. Some of the words cannot be read, but of the very last one in it there is no doubt, and that word is *India*. And it might well be his last word, for India was written on his heart. During those sixty years he had conducted the issue of 1,200 different books in eight languages, and had taken part in the issue of more than sixty millions of publications. I may tell you more about him some other time. Meanwhile, let me ask you to read the *Resolutions* he made as he was setting out to begin his work in Kandy.

RESOLUTIONS.

"To make the glory of God the great end of my being.

"In doing so, to seek all my strength from Him.

"To devote one hour at least every day to religious reading, of which a considerable part will be given to the reading of the Scriptures.

"To maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking, and to avoid the use of intoxicating liquors.

"To avoid a censorious spirit.

"To watch over my temper.

"To watch over my thoughts.

"To avoid a captious spirit.

"Carefully to prepare the Biblical and secular lessons for the school.

"Continually to have in view the conversion of those committed to my charge, and to rest satisfied with nothing less, and for this purpose to pray daily for and with them.

"To remember my duty as a son and brother.

"To beware of indolence, a besetting sin in a hot climate ; and, in order to avoid it as much as

possible, to have my time properly laid out.

"To be neat and clean in personal appearance, both in school and room.

"To rise early and to go to bed at a proper time, and use proper means for the preservation of my health.

"To keep a strict account of all my expenses, so that I may be enabled to set apart as large a portion as possible for the welfare of others.

"To review my conduct at stated intervals."

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 76.)

What
is thy
name?

Pris-
cilla.

PRISCILLA is the diminutive or endearing or loving form of *Prisca*, and means *Little Ancient*, just as we say *Maggie*, or *Jamie*, *Wee Wife*, or *Little Mannie*. Priscilla and her husband Aquila are the only inseparable couple, of whom we know much, mentioned in the Bible. They are spoken of six times, and always together. Now, remember, you are not to pronounce Aquila as if it were Aquilla and rhymed with Priscilla. The accent is on the first syllable. These two agreed in everything else, but not in the rhythm of their names ! But I wonder what Priscilla's pet name for her husband was, for she must have had one for him, just as he had one for her. Perhaps, after all, she would sometimes call him *Aquilla* for fun !

PRISCILLA HURRY, daughter of a Yarmouth merchant, was the mother of the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice, 1805-1872, a man of great influence two generations ago. Her letters, it was said, were the dictionary of his writings—that is to say, there were some notable words and phrases which they used, like most mothers and sons, in a way peculiar to themselves. "In spite of her fancy," he says in one place, "which made her miserable by filling her with the most unnecessary fears about all who were dear to her, she was in all her own trials, even in sudden emergencies, brave and collected, and she had an inward truthfulness and love of accuracy which I have seldom seen stronger in anyone. . . . Always depreciating herself, in each of her birthday letters she records her sense that a birthday ought to be a season of gloom, not of rejoicing. 'Though I have little hope of a ray of comfort reaching my heart,' she once wrote, 'yet I am always looking for it.'"

She had a daughter PRISCILLA, of whom one in whose home she

What
is thy
name?

Pris-
cilla.

spent some months every year said, "She was the most exacting person I have ever known, a fearful scourge to my childhood. She used to come to us armed with plans for the reformation of the parish and a number of blank books, ruled in columns for visitation," etc., etc. "She was engaged in a tireless search after the motes in her brother's eyes," a remark which agrees well with a sentence in one of Maurice's own letters to her—"Your letter told me at least what I ought to have been and ought to be."

MRS. PRISCILLA BELL WAKEFIELD, 1751-1832, the Quakeress wife of a London merchant, signalised herself by another kind of blank ruled book, for she was one of the earliest founders of "Savings Banks," or "Frugality Banks," as they were then called. No matter what their name, they are splendid institutions, and I hope you all belong to one, and that you are always putting in money and very very seldom taking any out. Mrs. Wakefield was the granddaughter of Robert Barclay, the apologist of the Society of Friends; the aunt of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the philanthropist; and the mother of Daniel Wakefield, a writer on Political Economy.

Another Political Economist, David Ricardo, 1772-1823, had a PRISCILLA WILKINSON for his wife. Ricardo, a man greatly esteemed and beloved, was the son of a Dutch Jew, but, much to his father's grief, became himself a Christian in early manhood.

Herodotus, the Greek historian, tells us that Solon, a very wise and much travelled Athenian, being asked by Cræsus, king of Lydia, 550 B.C., "who was the happiest man he had ever seen?" replied, "Tellus the Athenian, because, living in a well-governed state, he had sons who were good lads, and he saw children born to them, and then afterwards himself died nobly in battle." In like manner the Duke of Wellington pronounced Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, 1774-1846, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and youngest brother of the poet, the happiest man in England for at least one day, because all his three sons gained certain great University prizes the same year. Their mother, PRISCILLA LLOYD, a Birmingham lady of Quaker birth, died in 1815 in her 33rd year, when her youngest boy was only eight. The record of honours won by her sons at College is said to be unequalled in English history. For forty years after her death her grave was kept strewn with flowers by some poor person whom she had befriended.

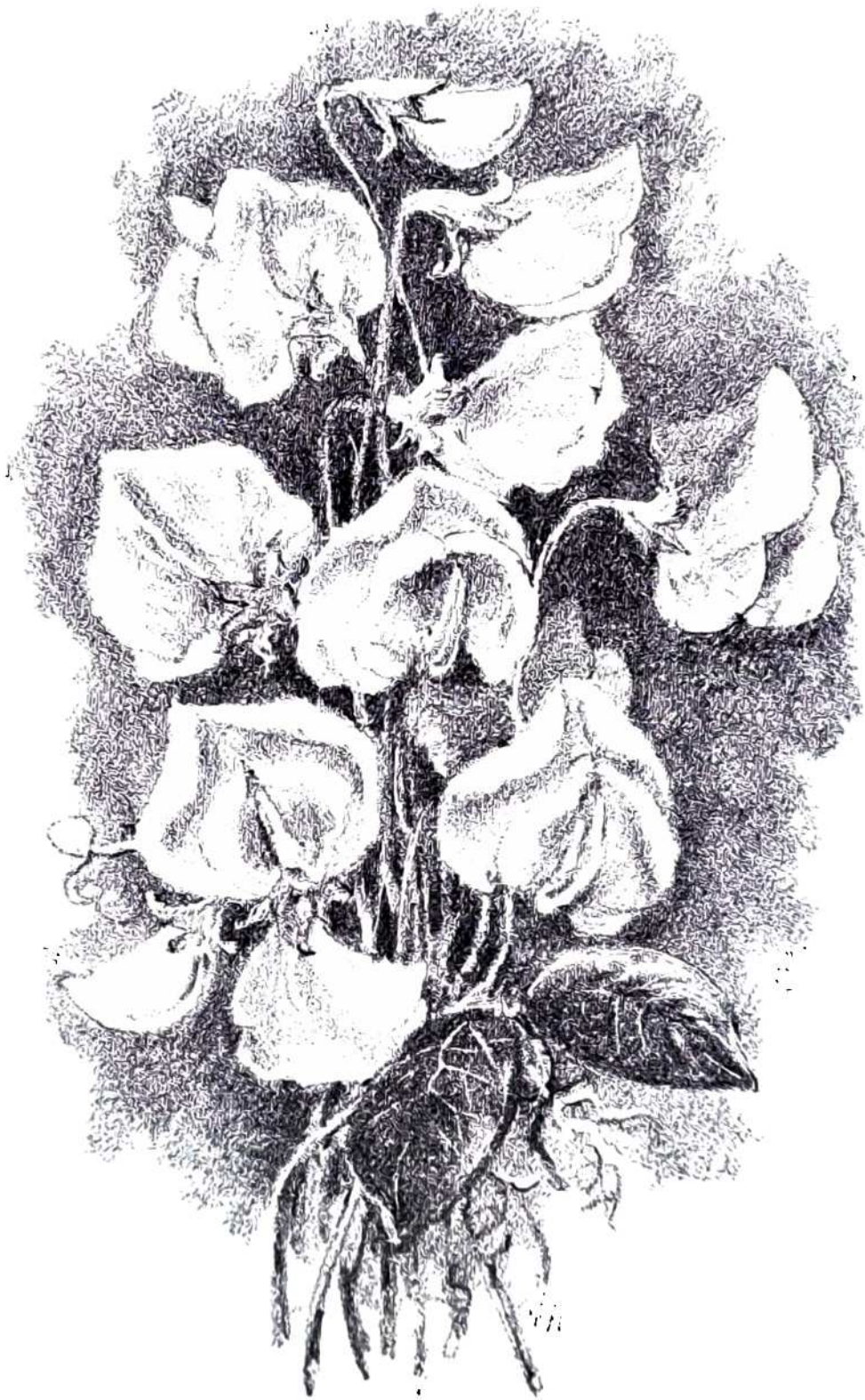
One of her sons, Dr. Wordsworth of St. Andrews, had for wife a Miss Charlotte Day, on whose grave are lines which many scholars have held to be one of the most beautiful epitaphs ever written :—

I nimium dilecta, vocat Deus, I bona nostrae
Pars animae ! Moerens altera disce sequi.

They were thus translated by "R. G." in the *Spectator* a few years ago :—

Go, loved too much, God calls thee ; go,
My soul's best part, ascend on high.
Thou other part, left here in woe,
Learn thou to follow when I die.

Sweet Peas.



Those of you who have paint-boxes or crayons should colour these Sweet Peas; only, see that you do it neatly and tastefully and—not on the Sabbath-day.

The Boy who Took the Currants.

The wicked flee when no man pursueth.—

Prov. 28, 1.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a boy once who climbed a wall and took some red currants, only they weren't red, but green, out of an old gentleman's garden, and then ran.

This is a short chapter in print, but it was a big chapter in that boy's history.

CHAPTER II.

Now the old gentleman, or rather as he would have liked to be called, the elderly gentleman, was in the habit of taking a run of two or three hundred yards every day along the road, like the late Mr. Sidgwick of Cambridge, and even, when no one was looking, of walking on his hands and turning a somersault like the famous Admiral Farragut, just to keep his joints from rusting. The boy, after running a dozen yards or so, finding no one after him, was beginning to examine and taste his booty, when suddenly he heard the click of a gate and saw an old bare-headed man come flying out. A boy may run because he is playing a game, or out of mere exuberance of spirits, or because he has nothing else to do, but, curiously, one always thinks there is something wrong when a man runs. There has been an accident and he is going for the doctor, or there is a fire, or else he is either a thief or after one, and so that boy felt, and not without reason. He took to his heels again

and could easily have got away, I imagine, but fear unmans a man and still more unboys a boy. He had run only twenty yards, when, hearing his pursuer's steps seemingly making up on his, his knees were loosened, as Homer says, and he lay down, and flinging away the currants as a boy will, to prove that he hadn't taken any, screamed like a stricken hare.

The old gentleman, of course, saw at once what had happened, but, partly because he had some letters to put into the pillar-box that stood at the corner of the country lane a little way ahead, and partly from his love of fun, first slowed down a bit when the boy began to crouch, and then, suddenly quickening his pace, ran straight on ahead as fast as he could go, without saying one word! The boy, amazed, stopped crying, thinking, perhaps, the bitterness of death was past, and gazed after the old man as though he were seeing some strange portent. He saw him post the letters, and then, "oh dear! oh dear!" the old man turned and came running back harder than before! Then the boy turned too and ran once more, but an evil conscience is a sore clog to one's heels, and when, after the gate was passed, he heard his enemy come rushing on, the boy screamed once more, "It wasn't me!" "It was another boy that gave them to me," "I'll never do it again!" But the old gentleman said never a word, but just ran round him the way torpedo-destroyers sometimes circle round our Clyde steamers to show



their paces off, and then made for the gate once more and turned in !

CHAPTER III.

Then the boy got up on his feet again, and set off for home, but very

wearily, for, like the Knights of the Round Table, he had had an adventure, and had seen a marvel, and was ill at ease. Two or three times that afternoon, when he was playing at rounders, his companions asked

him what was wrong with him, he had such a scared and hunted look, with his eyes ever turned on the sky-line, like those of British soldiers when they came home from the Boer War.

CHAPTER IV.

Two weeks afterwards the little fellow—I may as well tell you his first name was Duncan, a good honest sturdy name if not a very poetical one—two weeks afterwards, I say, he was whistling as he walked along the street of the little town on whose outskirts he had got his grievous fright, and it was the first time he had had the heart to whistle since, when suddenly but very quietly a hand touched his shoulder. Before he had time to look up or even think, he heard some one say, very kindly, “Now, don’t be afraid. I’m not a bit angry at you. I never took any currants when I was a boy, for there were none to take, but I took stalks of rhubarb—I wouldn’t do that now!—and many a time I knocked pears down off an ill-natured old man’s tree, and many a chase I got. If he had had the sense to know it, the best way he could have punished us would have been to let us eat as many of those pears as we could! So I know what it is to be a boy. But I want to tell you why people are angry at boys for taking—I don’t like the word stealing—flowers or fruit. A boy thinks that the tree just grew there, and that the fruit just grew too, naturally, and that the owner of the garden has no more to

do with it than any other body. A boy doesn’t know that a man has as a rule to buy the tree, or the berry bush, that he has to dig about it, and prune it, and wash insects off it, and wait sometimes for years before fruit comes; and then some day, before the fruit is ripe, a lad comes, and not only pulls it off, but breaks some of the branches, perhaps even destroys the tree. He does it without thinking, it is true, but all the same he does it, and then people wonder why the owner, or the gardener, is so angry and goes and tells the police.”

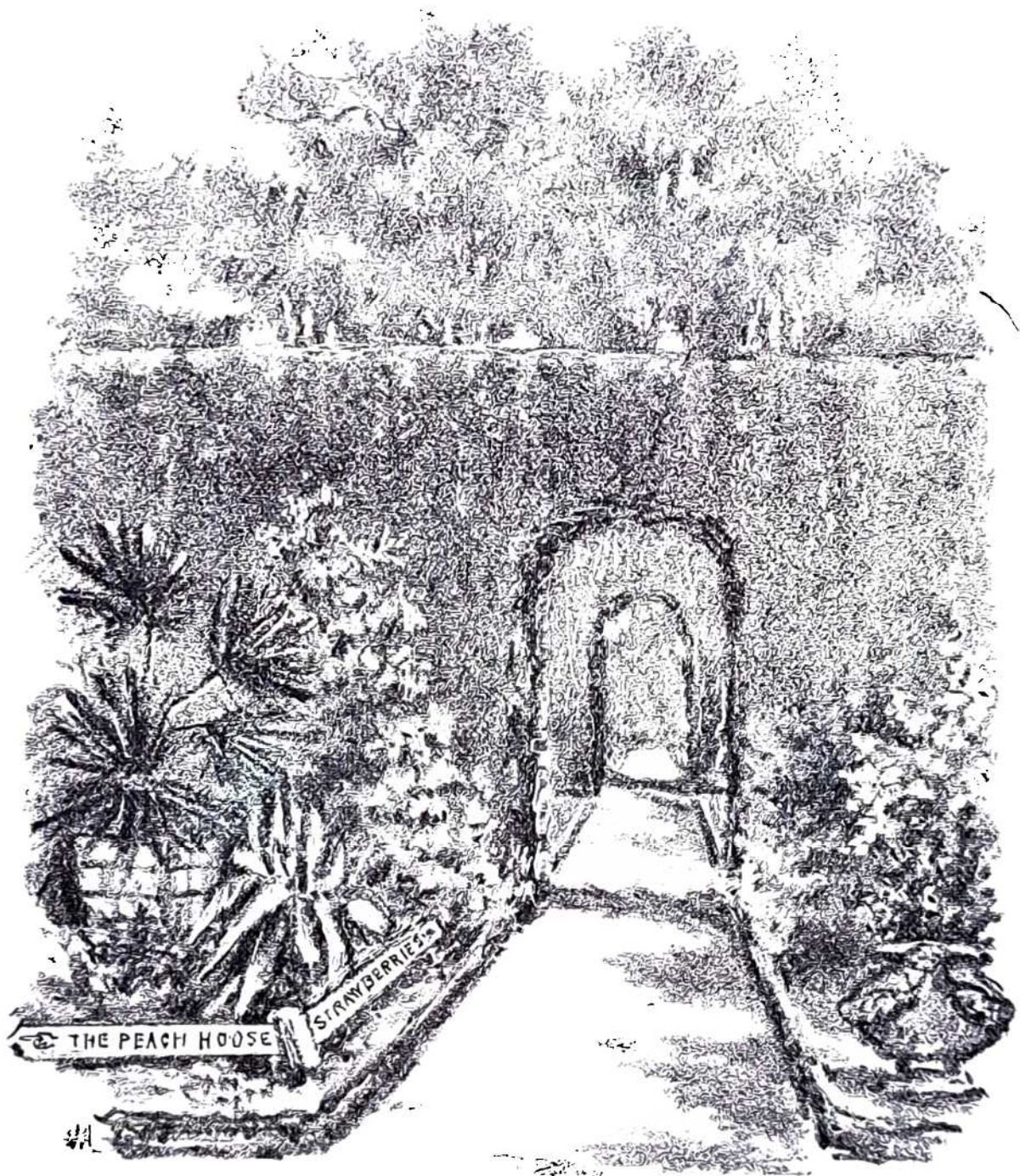
Then the old man shook hands with the boy, only, before they parted, he made him promise to come next day and bring two companions with him, “and you’ll get some gooseberries, both red ones and green ones, and some fine yellow *sulphurs*, if you know what that means.”

CHAPTER V.

Next day the boy and his companions went, and I tell you they had a feast!

After a little Duncan disappeared, but presently the old man found him looking with a very woe-begone face at a torn bush on the wall. “Please, sir,” he said, “I’m very sorry; I didn’t know I had done so much mischief that day.”

Ay, and he had done more mischief than he knew, for the bush had sprung from a slip the old man had taken from a garden far far away in England, where his wife had been brought up fifty years before. He didn’t tell the boy



that, of course, for what does a boy know of love? and he had not suspected at the time that that was the bush which the boy had stripped that morning, otherwise he would not have capered, I daresay, exactly as he did.

CHAPTER VI.

The boys were sent off with their pockets full, and with an armful of rhubarb each for their mothers. And you should hear the grand things the boys are going to do

when they become men, and have estates and big gardens! They are going to have lodges covered with roses and honeysuckle, and geraniums in the window sills, and gardeners standing at the gates to invite everybody in, and lovely printed notices asking people to assist in protecting the shrubbery. If the one-tenth of their dreams comes true, it will be a sight to see. But I fancy the gardeners that will be content to act as tourist conductors and freefooder pilgrims' guides are not yet born, and the



notice boards will be targets for stones, or firewood for picnickers. But however much the owners of these estates may be disappointed,

they will never dream, I am sure, of taking a little boy to court for stealing a bluebell, or sending an old woman to jail for rooting up a primrose. If Adam could not refrain from eating forbidden fruit though he owned all the rest of Paradise, can we wonder at a little town-bred laddie plucking a gooseberry the first time he sees one, to his amazement, actually growing on a tree?

The Cool of the Day.

(See Frontispiece).

I DON'T know whether God wishes old men to smoke or not—He won't be very angry if they don't!—but I am sure He does not wish boys to do it. He likes to see them running, and leaping, and playing cricket, and wading, and splashing in the water, but—smoking? No! To every wise and manly boy tobacco will be a forbidden and forbidding fruit.

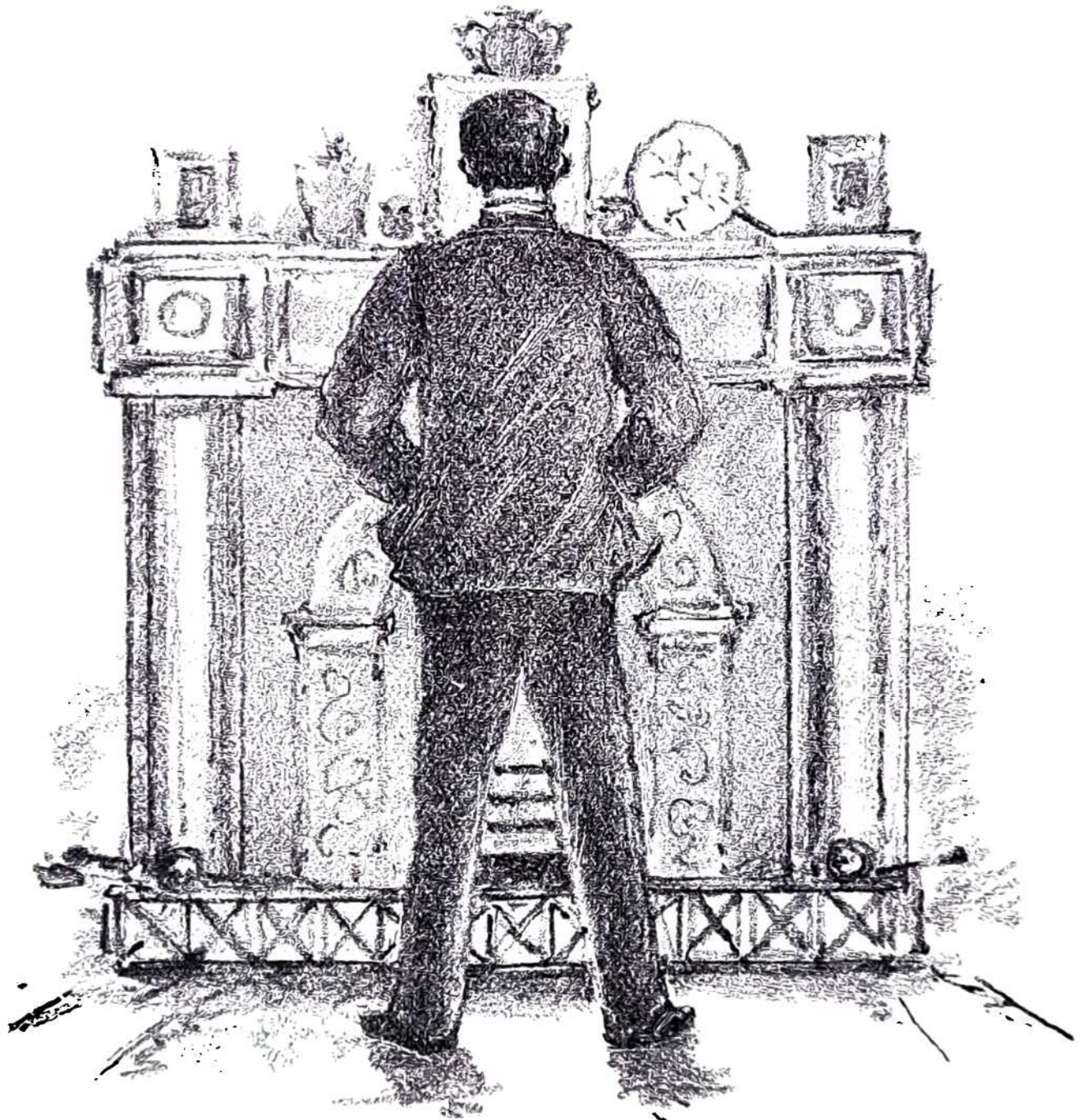
Never despairing.—Luke 6, 35. (R.V).

MR. ALMOND, Headmaster of Loretto, caught fish in places where no one else would ever have thought of trying. "Did you ever see any one try for salmon in that run?" he asked his gillie one day.

"Never did, sir," replied John.

"Well, it seems to me a likely place to-day."

A fish was hooked almost at the first cast, and finally brought to land. That run was named from that day, "Never Did."



Reasons for not going to Church. 8th Series.—No. 8.

This young man has a reason for not going, and a good reason, too—at least so he says—only he declines to tell what it is!

1	W	God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ;
2	TH	But will with the temptation make also the way of escape.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 13.</i>
3	F	Casting all your anxiety upon Him.— <i>1 Peter 5, 7.</i>
4	S	Be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit.— <i>Eph. 5, 18, (R. V.)</i> “Seeking the double death that is called <i>drowning care.</i> ” — <i>Mr. Barrie's When a Man's Single.</i>
5	S	Be ye imitators of God.— <i>Eph. 5, 1.</i>
6	M	And walk in love, even as Christ loved you,
7	TU	And gave Himself for us.
8	W	A strife, which of them should be accounted the greatest.
9	TH	He that is the greater, let him become as the younger,
10	F	And he that is chief, as he that doth serve.— <i>Luke 22, 24.</i>
11	S	Sit down in the lowest place — <i>Luke 14, 10.</i> “The women who are content to play second fiddle, and to make the best of it, give much sweet music to the world. Do we not all know them and the soothing harmonies which they make—patient spinsters, kindly stepmothers?”— <i>In Subjection, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.</i>
12	S	As His custom was, He went into the synagogue.— <i>Luke 4, 16.</i>
13	M	His parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast.— <i>Luke 2, 41.</i>
14	TU	As He was wont, He taught them.— <i>Mark 10, 1.</i> “Only a very young poet would write: ‘ <i>Idle habit</i> links us yet’—habit being really the most hardworking and beneficent of the Divine forces.”— <i>The late Henry Sidgwick.</i>
15	W	Every day will I bless Thee.— <i>Psa. 145, 2.</i>
16	TH	I will walk in Thy truth.— <i>Psa. 86, 11.</i>
17	F	Patient continuance in well-doing.— <i>Rom. 2, 7.</i>
18	S	When I awake, I am still with Thee.— <i>Psa. 139, 18.</i>
19	S	I covered my transgressions as Adam,
20	M	Hiding mine iniquity in my bosom.— <i>Job 31, 33.</i>
21	TU	Confess your faults one to another.— <i>James 5, 16.</i> “When I was scarcely four, my father scolded my nurse one day when it was I that was to blame. I was awestruck and miserable at the injustice done her, and at my want of courage to interfere and explain that it was not her fault.”— <i>The late Lord Granville's Diary.</i>
22	W	The shew of their countenance doth witness against them.— <i>Is. 3, 9.</i>
23	TH	I acknowledged my sin unto Thee.— <i>Psa. 32, 5.</i>
24	F	Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God.— <i>Psa. 51, 14.</i>
25	S	I will be sorry for my sin.— <i>Psa. 38, 18.</i>
26	S	He shall give His angels charge over thee,— <i>Psa. 91, 12.</i>
27	M	Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
28	TU	Feet was I to the lame.— <i>Job 29, 15.</i> A friend of Christina Rossetti's, being chaffed about the size of her feet, said it was a good thing they were so large, for thus any one could wear her boots.
29	W	I was naked, and ye clothed Me not.— <i>Matt. 25, 43.</i>
30	TH	Yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy.
31	F	In her tongue is the law of kindness.— <i>Prov. 31.</i>

September, 1906.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9.



Father's Dinner.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

"Openly acknowledged and acquitted in the Day of Judgment."—Shorter Catechism, Question 38.

WHEN a man in our country has been "found guilty" of a crime, and is afterwards proved innocent, he gets a pardon from the king, and perhaps a sum of money from the nation, but the law will not humble itself to say he is "innocent."

That is the way they used to do in France, too. Fifty years ago, when the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie were still ruling and ruining that land, a man named Pierre Vaux, a schoolmaster in Burgundy, was accused of setting fire to a number of farmsteadings. He was found guilty, and served for several years as a convict at Toulon, with a cannon ball chained to his leg. The real criminal, who was an agent of the Government, owned his guilt after many years. But to every appeal made to the law by the friends of Vaux, the answer was, "Justice having spoken, nothing can be done."

But in time wiser counsels prevailed, and a few years ago, Vaux' son, M. Armand Vaux, after long and untiring efforts, had the joy of hearing the highest Court in France, the Court of Cassation, pronounce his dead father "innocent," and order a copy of their decision to be

posted up on the gate of every court-house in the land!

The same thing has happened the other day with the poor long-suffering Dreyfus. Twelve years ago he was charged with betraying military secrets, and being found guilty, was publicly degraded, the lace torn from his cap, the buttons from his tunic, the red stripes from his trousers, his sword broken in two, and the scabbard flung upon the ground. For nearly five years he was shut up a prisoner in a little hut in a miserable island in the tropics, and tried and insulted and wronged in every possible way. They tempted him to commit suicide, they kept back his wife's letters, and then forged one in her name saying she believed him guilty and had taken another husband. Then, on appeal, he was brought home, and tried, and condemned again.

Now, at last, he has been proclaimed "innocent," has been restored to the army, and promoted, and decorated with the Ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Further, the Government published the finding of the Court in the five chief newspapers of France, and agreed to publish it at the national expense in any other fifty that he should choose. Not only so, but the men who stood by him have also been honoured. The busts of two of them have been set up in the Senate-house; the brave Colonel Picquart, a Protestant and one of the most accomplished soldiers in France, who was degraded and imprisoned for taking Dreyfus' part, has been

made General of one of the Divisions of the Army; and lastly, and strangest of all, the dead body of one who suffered in the same cause is to be taken from the grave and buried in the Panthéon, amongst France's most illustrious dead.

You and I feel angry and sore at

times when we are misjudged. Yet, after all, it is a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment. The greatest crime a man can commit is to hate the Lord Jesus Christ, and what will it profit us at last to be found innocent of one or two little things if we be guilty of His blood?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

"The word that is the Symbol of Myself."—Tennyson.

(Continued from page 88.)

What
is thy
name?

Prudence.

PRUDENCE is a short form of the word PROVIDENCE, and means Fore-seeing, Looking ahead.

In his *Canterbury Tales* Chaucer tells in prose the story of a young and mighty lord named Melibeus, who had set his heart on taking vengeance on his enemies for a great wrong which they had done him. His wife PRUDENCE, however, pleaded with him so wisely that she not only kept him from shedding blood, but even made his enemies to be at peace with him. Whereupon her husband, "because of her sweet words and great sapience," promised to govern himself by her counsel in all things, "and thanked God, of Whom proceedeth all goodness and all virtue, That sent him a wife of so great discretion." Here is one of her sayings which we should all learn off by heart: "The goodness that thou mayest do this day, do it, and abide not, nor delay it not, till to-morrow."

PRUDENCE is the name of one of the maidens of the house "Beautiful" in *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was she who warned Christian of the danger of slipping on the way down the hill to the Valley of Humiliation, and it was she who long afterwards catechised his children, and was able to say, as I hope they may do who catechise you, "Good boy, thy mother has taught thee well, and thou hast hearkened to what she hath said unto thee." It was she also who successfully warned young Mercy against accepting the love proposals made to her by a Mr. Brisk, "a man of some breeding, and that pretended to religion, but a man that stuck very close to the world."

Sir Thomas Crewe of Nantwich, who died in 1633, father of the first Baron Crewe, had for his wife a Miss Temperance Bray. They had four sons, and also four daughters named Patience, Silence, PRUDENCE, and Temperance, and if PRUDENCE was as good at coveting the best gifts as her parents seem to have been, the man who got her for a wife got a goodly heritage.

What
is thy
name?

Prudence.

PRUDENCE GOODSONN, daughter of an Admiral, became the wife of Captain Charles Wager, 1630-1666, of whom an old writer says : "He was a brave fellow, above all Englishmen that ever were in the Straits of Gibraltar ; there never was any man that behaved himself like him, whom the very Moors do mention with tears sometimes." Their son was Admiral Sir Charles Wager, who plagued the Spaniards sorely, and so continued doing till he was over sixty, when he said, "There is a time for all things, a time to sit still and a time to be active, and it is now time for me to be in my garden." His monument is in Westminster Abbey. "Old Sir Charles Wager is dead at last," says Walpole in his *Letters*, "and has left the fairest character."

His mother in her widowhood married a second time, and had for a grandson Admiral Charles Watson, who also did great work both by sea and land, and specially in India in the time of Clive.

Rachel.

RACHEL means a *ewe*. There is little said about her in the Bible we can either admire or respect, yet her husband was fond of her—and he knew her best—and she was loved and wooed and lamented and remembered as few women have been. The pillar Jacob set up over her tomb is the first gravestone we read of.

RACHEL, daughter of Lord Southampton and his wife, Rachel de Ruvigny, a beautiful French Huguenot, married first in 1653, in her 17th year, a Lord Vaughan, and secondly, in 1670, after his death, William Russell, younger son of the Earl of Bedford. Their union was one of the happiest of which we have record in the English language. Her letters to her "dear man," her "dearest man," as she often calls him, are very beautiful and touching. "My best life," she says to him in one of them, "make my felicity entire by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person any creature is capable of ; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments? if not, a submission without murmur to His most wise dispensations and unerring providence. He knows best when we have had enough here ; what I most earnestly beg from His mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age ; if not, let us not doubt but He will support us under what trial He will inflict upon us. . . . Excuse me, if I dwell too long upon this ; it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can with the greater tranquillity enjoy the present, which I hope will be long ; though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ." In June, 1680, she writes : "May you live one fifty years more ; and if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep you company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time ; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats." (Brats in those days was simply a term of endearment.) . . . "Expressions of affection are but a pleasure to myself, not to him who believes better things of me than my ill rhetoric will induce him to by my words." Here is one other prettily turned

What
is thy
name?

Rachel.

phrase, Oct., 1681 : "I never longed to be more earnestly with you, for whom I have a thousand kind and grateful thoughts. You know of whom I learned this expression. If I could have found one more fit to speak the passion of my soul, I should send it you with joy ; *but I submit with great content to imitate, but never shall attain to any equality with you, except that of sincerity* : and I will ever be (by God's grace) what I ought, and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife."

The end came sooner than either of them thought. In 1683, at the instance of Charles II. and the Duke of York, afterwards James II., her husband was arraigned of high-treason. During his trial she sat beside him and acted as his secretary. On the eve of his execution he asked her to stay and sup with him. "Let us eat our last earthly food together," he said. Next morning, at eleven o'clock, says Burnet, "my Lady left him ; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death is past,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her, how great a blessing she had been to him."

She died in 1723, at the age of eighty-six.

At the crisis of the Revolution, King James asked help from the aged Earl of Bedford, who had offered £100,000 to save his son's life. "My lord, you are an honest man, have great influence, and can do much for me at this time."

"Alas ! sir," was the answer, "I am old and feeble, but I *once* had a son who might *now* have served your Majesty."

George Gilfillan, a well-known United Presbyterian minister in Dundee, 1813-1878, had for his mother RACHEL BARLAS, "a woman comely to look on, with bright hair and open look." "I never saw her angry," says her son, "and I never saw her weep. She loved my father warmly, but shed no tears at his death ; the grief was within. A month afterwards her hair became grey and she looked ten years older." When she married she was 22, and her husband, a minister, 31, with a stipend of £50. They lived together for 33 years, but their income never reached £100. Dr. Watson, in his *Life of George Gilfillan*, gives the old people's balance-sheet for 1803, when they had five children. Their income was £62 14s. od. ; and their expenditure—For clothes, £7 3s. 4d. ; fuel, £2 7s. od. ; meal, milk, etc., £24 12s. od. ; butcher meat, £2 17s. od. ; servant's fee, £3 10s. od. ; books and post, £7 6s. od. ; etc., etc. There was an overplus of £1 7s. 2d., and at the foot of the page the old man gives thanks to God for all His mercies.

Dr. Joseph Parker once said that the word *Psalm* became a tune the way Gilfillan said it. I can well believe it, for I have heard two ministers, most kindly and charming of mimics, imitate his reading of a Psalm, and it was wonderfully fine.

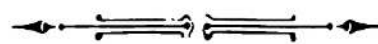


"Good-bye to the Swallows."

VT·TV·TVÆ·LINGVÆ·
SIC·EGO·MEAR·AYRIV·
DOMINVS·SYM·

You may read these words on an old building in the Canongate of Edinburgh, on the south or right hand side half-way between the High Street and Holyrood. *Ut tu tuæ linguae*, as thou of thy tongue, *sic ego mear (um) auriu (m)*, so I of my ears, *dominus sum*, am master. And the meaning of that is this: If you can't keep a man from saying what he ought not to say, you can at least refuse to listen; you may not be able to shut his mouth, but you can, at least, close your own ears. It is a good motto, only see to it that you never close your ears to reproof, or instruction, or the cry of the needy. And if you have not had time to close them when people say bad or cruel things, if you have heard before you knew what was coming, don't let these things sink into your brain, but ask God to help you to forget them, just as our Lord did when He was on earth. He must often have seen and heard what was wrong, but He drove it instantly away. Perhaps, says an

old saying, you can't keep a bird from lighting on your head, but you can surely keep it from building its nest there!



The Iris.

THERE was once a golden Iris that, being the only one of its kind in the garden, was much made of, to its loss.

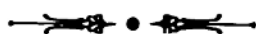
"The word *Iris*," it was heard explaining to the other flowers one day in June, "means *rainbow* in Greek, and we are called Irises because we are the most beautiful of all flowers."

"Take care, my child," said an old violet Iris standing near that was already fading fast, "take care. It is possible that the man who named us, whoever he was, may have given us a better name than we deserve. We are very beautiful, no doubt, but God's name for us may not be the same as man's. It takes seven colours to make a rainbow, and a bigger span than our brief life



Iris.

can show. At our best we are only part of a segment, a bit of a bit, of rainbow. It takes all the flowers in the garden, and all the seasons of the year to make the bow complete."



The Bundle of Life.

But the soul of my lord shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God.—1 Sam. 25, 29.

WHEN David fled from Absalom and was come to Mahanaim, we are told that three men, Shobi, Machir, and Barzillai, brought beds, and basons, and earthen vessels, and wheat, and barley, and flour, and parched corn, and beans, and lentils, and parched pulse, and honey, and butter, and sheep, and cheese of kine, for David and for the people that were with him, to eat: for they said, The people is hungry, and weary, and thirsty, in the wilderness. As one reads that list, fifteen things in all, one is struck first of all by the lavishness of their gifts, but on reading it a second time and a third, one can see the workings of several minds, signs of consultation, and marks of haste. But when one reads the list of what Abigail prepared—200 loaves, 2 bottles of wine, and 5 sheep ready dressed, and 5 measures of parched corn, and 100 clusters of raisins, and 200 cakes of figs—one notices her orderliness, and the self-possession which enabled her at such a trying time, death threatening her and all her household, calmly and deliberately to count the various items one by one. Lord Wolseley has said that to be able to count

one's fingers when one is roused at three o'clock in the morning by a sudden alarm in time of war, is a true test of courage. That is a test few men, and some would say still fewer women, could stand. Many, in Abigail's case, would have screamed and swooned, or burst into tears and clamour and wild wailing. But she, like all wise women, like all women of the highest type, kept cool in the hour of trial and difficulty, or, to use the apostle Peter's words, was not afraid with any amazement, that is, as the Revised Version translates the words, was not put in fear by any terror. Her mind was stayed on God.

Abigail is one of the most interesting and charming women in the world's history. A woman of a beautiful countenance and of good understanding, she must also have been a perfect housekeeper. Yet she was tied to a drunken churl!

In that wonderful phrase, *the bundle of life*, we see the reflexion of her love of order, and the revolt of her whole nature against the galling yoke of her husband Nabal.

But the words she uses are more wonderful still—bound up in the bundle of life *with the Lord thy God*. I do not know a more remarkable expression than that in the whole Bible. God and we in one bundle! God's life and ours, God's history and ours, bound up together! Is not that the whole story of God's relation to us, and our relation to Him? It is the story of redemption; our life is hid with Christ in God! We are as safe as God is, and we shall one day be as happy.

What a wonderful woman that must have been who could think such a thought as that and could clothe it in such memorable words! And she was a drunkard's wife! And next to being a drunkard's mother, that is one of the bitterest lots on earth.

Ten days after—and how graciously, and perhaps successfully, she pleaded with her dying husband during those last days of constant watching to be reconciled to God, we can only guess—ten days after, she was a widow. Then, after fitting interval, she became David's wife, and I have no doubt helped him often in the writing of his Psalms. The woman who could see so clearly into the inmost thought of God, and could utter such a phrase as that—

bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God—we may be sure, said more than one good thing in her life.

If any girl should read these words, I hope she will be stirred up to think high thoughts, and some day, in some unexpected hour, some hour of sudden trial or great joy, the Spirit of God will come upon her in all His fulness, and she will say some memorable thing that some one shall catch up and repeat. Her speech will be, not

The barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment,

But,

Jewels, five-words-long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever!

Reasons for not going to Church. 8th Series.—No. 9.

The Woman on the opposite page has left the church because lately, when some alterations were going to be made in it, one of the deacons advised her to take her Bible home with her, "and what was that," she says, "but a pretty plain hint that they wanted to be rid of me? but they needn't have troubled themselves, for I'll never darken their door again, and to think it is the church my mother, and my grandmother before her, sat in for 80 years, oh but it is hard to be told I'm not wanted in it!"

The picture may also be taken for a portrait of her sister—the two are as like one another everyway as they can be—and she too has left the church because, during the alterations, the clasp of her Bible was all twisted, and there were the marks of three tacks of one of the men's boots on one of the boards, "and it is the Bible that I got on my fifteenth birthday from my Aunt Jessie that's been dead and gone and in her grave six years come the first of October, and I remember the day I



got it was the first day I had on my white cashmere dress with the pale blue sash, and it cost 2/10 a yard and it was the prettiest dress I ever had, and if they had only told me to take my Bible home with me so that it wouldn't have been spoilt, but oh it's hard, hard! but I'll never, never enter their church again, for it's evident they don't want any of us."

1	S	They left their father, and followed Jesus.— <i>Matt. 4, 22.</i> Lord Howe, being asked by a nobleman to remove a friend to a ship nearer his home as being more convenient, replied, "It is the first time I have heard of private convenience spoken about within those walls."
2	S	Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone, elect, precious :
3	M	He that believeth on Him shall not be put to shame.— <i>1 Pet. 2, 6.</i>
4	TU	A wise man which built his house upon a rock.
5	W	And the floods came, the wind blew, and it fell not.— <i>Matt. 7, 25.</i>
6	TH	A foolish man, which built his house upon the sand.
7	F	And the floods came, the winds blew, and it fell,
8	S	And great was the fall of it. "The most violent destruction of buildings, as everybody knows, was on the 'made' ground. Next came the sand-dune areas. On the rocky slopes and ridge tops, the destruction was at a minimum. On some of the hills even the chimneys withstood the shock." — <i>Report of the San Francisco Earthquake Commission.</i>
9	S	Enquire at the word of the Lord to-day.— <i>1 Kings 22, 5.</i>
10	M	Should not a people seek unto their God?— <i>Is. 8, 19.</i>
11	TU	To the law and to the testimony!—(<i>R. V.</i>)
12	W	Did ye never read in the Scriptures?— <i>Matt. 21, 42.</i>
13	TH	Let my sentence come forth from Thy presence.
14	F	Thou hast tried me. Titian the painter used a plummet because he found his straight lines inclining to the right.
15	S	My steps have held fast to Thy paths.— <i>Psa. 17, 2-5 (R. V.)</i>
16	S	God is light,
17	M	And in Him is no darkness at all.— <i>1 John 1, 5.</i>
18	TU	The angel's countenance was like lightning.— <i>Matt. 28, 3.</i>
19	W	Their backs, their hands, their wings, were full of eyes.— <i>Ezek. 10, 12.</i>
20	TH	Ye were once darkness,— <i>Eph. 5, 8.</i>
21	F	But are now light in the Lord.
22	S	Walk as children of light. "Edward Forbes, the naturalist, 1815-1854, was one of those few men in whom genius overflows into every form and feature of the face ; it was even visible in the movement of his hands."— <i>The Duke of Argyll's Autobiography.</i>
23	S	My Father worketh hitherto, and I work.— <i>John 5, 17.</i>
24	M	I delight to do Thy will, O my God.— <i>Psa. 40, 8.</i>
25	TU	The sun rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.— <i>Psa. 19, 5.</i>
26	W	The redeemed shall come with singing unto Zion.— <i>Is. 51, 11.</i>
27	TH	Everlasting joy shall be upon their head. "Strain is a word which means stress, but it is likewise a word which means song, and it is only on a strained wire that the music sleeps."— <i>John A. Hutton's Guidance from Robert Browning.</i>
28	F	He shall drink of the brook in the way :
29	S	Therefore shall He lift up the head.— <i>Psa. 110, 7.</i>
30	S	Gather up the broken pieces which remain over.— <i>John 6, 13 (R. V.)</i> "I wrote Col. Brackenbury while your ink was drying to turn the leaves."— <i>John Ruskin to Kate Greenaway.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 10.



"DON'T move, Geraldine! I'm JUST catching your expression."

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.*

*London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

Matthew Henry.

2nd October, 1706.

MORE than once I have said to you that if ever it please God to give you a house of your own, you would do well to buy a copy of Matthew Henry's *Exposition of the Old and New Testaments*. Your friends, especially those who sell furniture, will advise you rather to buy mantelpiece ornaments such as every other body has, but these are things that do not improve on acquaintance, and they take a deal of dusting. Buy *Matthew Henry*! Not an abridgement of him, remember, or a compilation like *Scott and Henry*, but the whole *Exposition* in three or six volumes. Your minister will tell you, before you finally agree to buy it, whether you have got hold of the right book or not. And when you have got it, read it!

Many years ago, in the days of the Old College, the Professors of Glasgow University, in order to foster learning and help students, announced that at certain forthcoming examinations — examinations which were literally a matter of life and death to some — all students should wear the red cloak that had long passed into disuse. I remember hiring an old one from

"Hadden the bookseller's" in High Street for, I think, a shilling a day, but the thing was in such tatters that I could not tell which holes I ought to put my arms through, and so, folding the gown, I simply sat on it. Presently Professor G. G. Ramsay came along—I was doing a bit of Latin prose at the time—and asked me if I "had not been successful in obtaining a gown." "Yes, sir," I said, rising, "it's here." "Oh! but a gown is meant to be *put on*."

Quite true, and a Commentary, at least one like Matthew Henry's, is meant to be *read*, specially on a Sabbath evening.

It was on Nov. 12, 1704, that he began it. The little summer-house in which he wrote it, and the church in which he preached, are still to be seen in the city of Chester. "This night," he says in his diary, "after many thoughts of heart and many prayers concerning it, I began my notes on the Old Testament. It is not likely I shall live to finish it"—he was then only 42—"or if I should, that it should be of public service, for I am not *par negotio*, equal to the task; yet in the strength of God, and I hope through a single eye to His glory, I set about it; that I may endeavour something and spend my time to some good purpose; and let the Lord make what use He pleaseth of me."

The preface to the first volume, the Books of Moses, is dated 2nd October, 1706, that is, two hundred years ago this month. As the work advanced, we find him noting its progress in his diary, and praying,

for example, that he "may write nothing that is frivolous or foreign or foolish or flat, that may give just offence, or lead any into mistakes"; and that he "may find genuine expositions, useful observations, profitable matter, and acceptable words."

And certainly his prayer was answered, for though he only lived to finish five volumes, closing with the book of Acts, for he died in 1714, he wrote a work that is

interesting even to a boy. The worst adjective that can be applied to a sermon is perhaps the word 'dry.' There is no greater heresy than preaching so as to make the living Word of the Living God uninteresting. And that is what Matthew Henry never does. There is wit and imagination in every paragraph of his Exposition, and humour in every page, and devoutness in every line.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 101.)

What
is thy
name?

Rachel.

Archibald Johnston, Low Wariston, the man who, while still under thirty years of age, read the National Covenant of Scotland to the vast multitude assembled in the Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh on the 28th of February, 1638, had for his grandmother one RACHEL ARNOT—"a princess in the aristocracy of the Kirk. She had hidden Robert Bruce within her walls—Robert Bruce the minister of St. Giles, who was then at cross purposes with James the Sixth. In the same house, too, when the Five Articles of Perth had been ratified by the Black Parliament, those Edinburgh preachers who objected to such Episcopal law-making, and whom the Magistrates had commanded to leave the city, spent an entire day in prayer." Lord Wariston had a sister also named RACHEL, who became the wife of Robert Burnet, afterwards a Lord of Session with the title of Lord Crimond, and mother of the well-known Gilbert Burnet, professor of Divinity in Glasgow University, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. (If you wish to know more about Lord Wariston, read the *Men of the Covenant*, by the Rev. Alexander Smellie, M.A., a splendid book, now happily in its fifth or sixth edition. It makes a fine New Year's present, and it now costs only two-and-sixpence.)

Izaak Walton, 1593-1683, whose "Compleat Angler" is one of the great books of our language, had for his first wife RACHEL FLOUD, daughter of William Floud, whose wife, Susannah Cranmer, was great-niece of the famous martyr, Archbishop Cranmer. Mrs Walton had seven children who all died in infancy.

In July, 1705, there died at Dumfries a young woman named RACHEL BLACK. She was a "Cameronian," "of a pretty good understanding and good education, and was come of godly parents, and used to teach children to read." As a child she herself had often heard

What
is thy
name?

Rachel.

James Renwick, the last of the Covenanting martyrs, preach. Seventeen days before her death she wrote her dying testimony. In it she tells how, when she was about thirteen, God in His infinite wisdom and love, manifested himself to her, "engaging my heart to love Him so that I could not rise up out of that place wherein I then was, without covenanting with Him personally, giving myself away to Him. And in my coming away from the place my heart was so fully set upon God to bless and praise Him, that I was even made to invite all the creatures to come and join with me in blessing, praising, and commending of Him. . . . And many times after He so engaged my heart with love to Him that I was necessitated to renew my covenant with Him." She specially mentions "the Burnside of Tinnald" as a place where she received "love-blinks" from Christ.

At the close of the paper she bids farewell to the light of the sun, moon, and stars, and all things in time. And then she adds: "Farewell, sweet Bible, and all orthodox commentaries made thereon." All orthodox commentaries! Good girl as she was, poor Rachel would have been much better and happier, and very much wiser, if she had had a little sense of humour. What a surprise she would get, when she entered heaven, to find not only orthodox but unorthodox commentators waiting to receive her, and all of these of both classes, especially the orthodox ones, confessing that their books had been full of blunders, and fearful blunders, from beginning to end! And above all, what a glad surprise to her to find that she herself had gone further astray than any one of them in her views both of God and man.

I hope, however, none of you will imagine that we are done with the Bible when we die. On the contrary, it is only in heaven that we shall find out its full meaning, and see all its truth and beauty.

OF LADY RACHEL, second wife of a chief of the Clan MacAlpine, we read that being slighted by the four sons of his old age, one Sabbath day, after Kirk service was over, she stepped up with her fan in her hand to the corner of the churchyard where her husband's grave was, and taking off her high-heeled slipper, tapped with it on his tombstone, crying out through her tears, "MacAlpine, MacAlpine, rise up for ae half-hour and see me richted (righted)."—*Memoirs of a Highland Lady*. But Lady Rachel should have betaken herself to Another, to the Living, not to the dead. "Ye shall not afflict any widow. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto Me, I will surely hear their cry."—*Exodus 22, 22*.

"RACHEL DAY, my mother's maid," says Miss Mary Boyle, in her autobiography edited by her nephew, Sir Courtenay Boyle, "was a most consequential and important character in her own eyes. During a visit we paid to Longleat, the residence of the Marquis of Bath, 'the most august house in England,' Day was found by the head housemaid wandering about the corridors. 'Can I be of any use?' said the housemaid in a patronising tone, 'I daresay you feel lost in such a large house.' 'Oh dear no,' she replied with an air of offended dignity, 'we live in a much larger one at home!'—which

What
is thy
name?

Rachel.

was true, for our home was the Palace of Hampton Court. When my sister became Maid of Honour to Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV., Day assumed an extra dignity and courtliness of manner, and invariably talked of 'when we go to Windsor,' 'when our waiting begins,' and the like." She was a great stickler for etiquette. One evening, for instance, she came with this difficulty to her mistress: "In the housekeeper's room do I follow or precede the Honourable Mrs Spalding's maid? for I do not know if a Viscount's daughter goes before the wife of the younger son of an Earl." She loved high sounding phrases. During a prolonged stay in Florence she heard a great deal about the Middle Ages and Mediæval customs. "My friend, Mrs Chapman," she would say, "wore quite a Middle Age satin."



Brambles.



"One day when his companion on a walk amused himself by slashing off the juicy tops of the brambles in the hedge with his walking-stick, the late Dr. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, stopped him sharply: "Don't do that; it's breaking the Third Commandment!"

The Bramble-Slasher.

WHEN Dr. Benson made that remark about the Third Commandment — see the opposite page—no doubt the young man was greatly astonished. A little thought would show him that he was doing a useless thing, and a wrong thing, but what had slashing brambles to do with the Third Commandment? He wasn't speaking, much less swearing, or saying bad words! How then could he be taking God's Name in vain? And one may be sure that that is what he would say to the Archbishop.

But if that lad had learnt the Shorter Catechism in his childhood, he would instantly have said to himself—What is required in the Third Commandment? and then, What is forbidden in the Third Commandment? And he would have repeated the answer in his mind—"The Third Commandment forbiddeth all profaning or abusing of anything whereby God maketh Himself known." That is one advantage in being brought up a Presbyterian! We are "rooted and grounded" in the faith. Indeed I am pretty sure Dr. Benson himself had got his knowledge of what the Third Commandment means either directly or indirectly from that very Shorter Catechism.

A Bramble-berry, like every other berry, is one of God's works. It is good for food, and a delight to the eyes, and it grows in waste places, and by the roadside, for poor and weary travellers, and it costs nothing, and it comes late in the year, just

before winter, when the harvest is all over and the time of other fruits is past, and it is full of humour, for it plays hide-and-seek, and smiles and beams out of the darkness on the diligent that find it. Yes, there is a lot of love in the making of a bramble-bush, and that is how it is one of the things "by which God maketh Himself known," that is, shows us what He is.

O the Bramble-bush is the Poor man's tree,
For it loves the king's high road,
And none dare say, "It belongeth to me,"
For it roams like the winds of God.
O the Bramble-bush for me!

O the Bramble-bush is the Bairnies' tree,
For it loves to trail on the ground,
And by little or big, whatever you be,
There are berries to be found.
O the Bramble-bush for me!

And the Bramble-bush is like God's own tree,
'Tis a place where dwells Goodwill;
For its thorns are hands that say, "Come, see,
Eat every one your fill."
O the Bramble-bush for me!

But the Bramble-tree improves by cultivation. I knew a man once one of whose hobbies it was to gather every kind and variety of bramble he could find or hear of, and in his grounds he had specimens of bushes from every part of Europe.

But the special beauty of the Bramble as of every other tree is this. Its thorns remind us of Paradise Lost, but its fruit tells us that Paradise has been regained. Every green leaf, every flower, every whistling bird, every drop of water in the world, proves that the great gulf between us and God is

not only not yet "fixed," but has been bridged by Christ; they all prove to us that God is still in the world, and that he is not far from any one of us. Everything God

gives us brings with it an offer of Christ and His salvation. The God Who gives us these little things wishes to give us more, wishes to give us everything He has.



First Cat: "Oh you stupid fellow! I know quite well where you are, for though I can't see your head I can see your tail!"

Second Cat: "And you forget that I can see YOUR tail, just as well as you can see MINE!"

"Don't Mobe, Geraldine!"

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

A time to laugh.—Eccles. 3, 4.

A FEW years ago a young couple who were being married, and were to leave the week after to take up house in Canada, engaged a man to photograph the wedding party. The guests numbered about forty, some very old, some very young, and most of them had met for the first and last time.

When the marriage was over—and a solemn thing it was, specially the singing at the close of the 121st Psalm, for the shadow of the coming parting had already fallen on us—we betook ourselves to the garden at the back, where the photographer was already waiting for us. He was a young man newly starting business, and this was his first large group. Just as he said, "Ready! Now!" a young lad, and not a bad lad either, who fancied himself a wit, cried out, "Don't laugh!" and of course everybody laughed, and the plate and photograph were spoiled. The joke was so successful that he repeated it a second, third, and even a fourth time, in spite of the entreaties of the minister and the photographer and others of the company. The fifth plate was ruined because some girls, expecting to hear his witticism again, laughed hysterically. Before the sixth plate was in position some of the guests, old friends of the family, had to leave to catch a train for England. By the time we were gathered together again, some of us were angry, and all of us somewhat

annoyed, and the photographer, who had but one other plate with him, was almost in tears. The photograph, however, was taken, such as it was, and the young lad who had made us all laugh so untimely—and it is a very easy thing, as well as a very silly and cruel thing to do—revelled for days at the recollection of his cleverness, and evidently thought it the one thing that had redeemed the marriage from utter failure. But he paid for his joke!

Amongst the first visitors the young folks had after their settlement in Canada was a Scotch friend, who, owing to the rapid development of his business, was on the outlook for a young man of activity whom he might take in as partner.

The young folks had wisely written the names of their wedding guests on the back of the photograph. There were five names apart by themselves, and when their visitor, reading the list, asked the meaning of that, they told him the story of the spoilt plates. These five were the guests who had to leave early.

Now it so happened that he had been greatly taken with the faces of two of the young men in the group, one—and specially with him—the lad who had made the guests laugh, and the other a lad who had tried to check him, saying, "Oh man! mind, any photograph is a solemn thing, but above all the photograph of a company met at a marriage, and likely never to meet again."

"The lad that said that, if he is suitable in other respects," said the Scotchman, "is the man for me, if you think I could get him!"

And they wrote, and he wrote, and he got him. That lad is now making £400 a year, while it takes the jester all his time to make seventy! "He had his joke, but the other man got the estate."

Eye-Service.

Not in the way of eye-service, as men pleasers; but as servants of Christ.—Eph. 6, 6, R. V.

MISS Kate Greenaway, the lady who drew such lovely pictures of children, tells in one of her letters of a colonel whom she knew. He was so short-sighted that his groom only rubbed down his horse on the near side, knowing that the half-heartedness of his work would never be discovered. Miss Greenaway herself was such a hard worker, that when she was a student she and another girl bribed the keeper of the art gallery to lock them in when the other students were gone, so that they might put in overtime.

Captain Robert F. Scott, R.N., in his most delightful book, *The Voyage of the "Discovery,"* the ship that went out to the Antarctic five years ago, tells us that his ship was built so carefully and lovingly that her builders in Dundee hopefully predicted that no leak would be found in her, and yet, before very long, the sailors could put this conundrum at one of their entertainments in the long mid-winter night, "Can you told me what am

de worst vegetable as we took from Englan'?" and the answer was, "The Dundee leek." Amid the many skilled workmen whose united labour had produced the solid structure of the "Discovery's" hull, there had been one, says Captain Scott, who had scamped his task, no doubt knowing full well that he was free from all chance of detection, and for this the Captain and his brave men, over thirty in number, were condemned to suffer throughout the three perilous years of their voyage. The leak, it is true, never grew serious, and when they were in the ice it was very much reduced. But they not only had many of their stores and provisions damaged and ruined, but, first and last, they had to spend at the pumps many a weary hour which could ill be spared with so much other work to be done.

And here is the description Captain Scott gives of another eye-servant, one of his sledge dogs. "'Jim' was a sleek, lazy, greedy villain, up to all the tricks of the trade; he could pull splendidly when he chose, but generally preferred to pretend to pull, and at this he was extraordinarily cunning. During the march his eye never left the man with the whip, on whose approach 'Jim' could be seen panting and labouring as though he felt sure that everything depended on his efforts; but a moment or two later, when the danger had passed, the watchful eye would detect Master 'Jim' with a trace that had a very palpable sag in it."



Reasons for not going to Church. 8th Series.—No. 10.

This man is very well pleased with himself this Saturday afternoon because he has just done a round of golf in 88 strokes, being 3 less than his previous best. But he is not going to Church to-morrow, because it is the first anniversary of his mother's death, and the sight of her empty seat in Church is more than he could stand. But he forgets how much the sight of his empty seat will grieve and disappoint his Risen Lord.

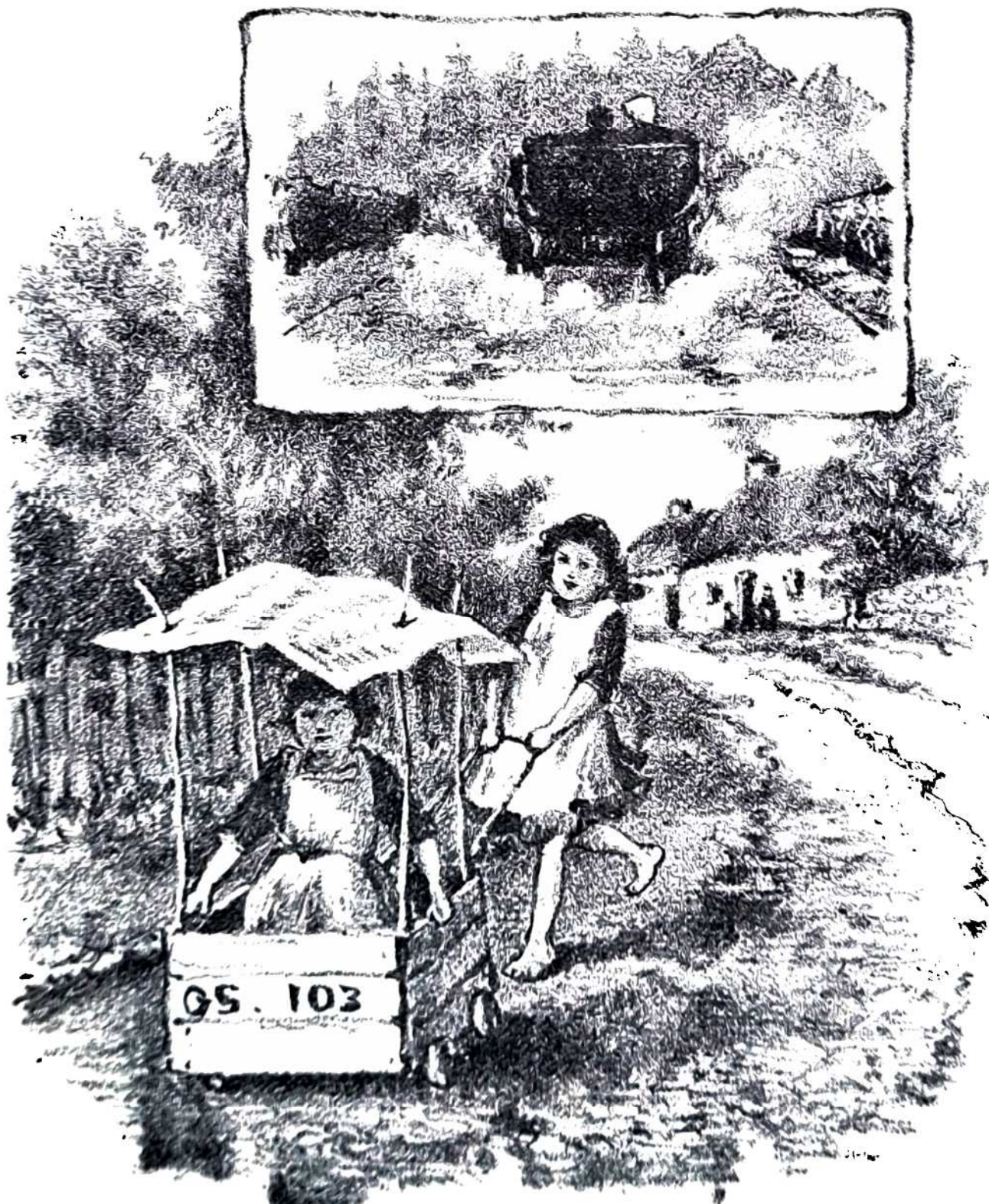
1	M	O remember how short my time is.— <i>Ps. 89, 47 (R. V.)</i>
2	TU	I am doing a great work.— <i>Neh. 6, 3.</i>
3	W	Neither is this a work of one day or two.— <i>Ezra 10, 13.</i> “I have generally had work enough mapped out to fill at least ten years of life.”— <i>Samuel Smiles' Autobiography; at the age of 74.</i>
4	TH	O Lord, I am oppressed, be Thou my surety.— <i>Is. 38, 14 (R. V.)</i>
5	F	I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.— <i>Phil. 4, 13.</i>
6	S	Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind.— <i>1 Pet. 1, 13.</i>
7	S	Ye are they which have continued with Me in My temptations;
8	M	And I appoint unto you a Kingdom.— <i>Luke 22, 28.</i>
9	TU	True yokefellow.— <i>Phil. 4, 3.</i> “Sledging draws men into a closer companionship than any other mode of life. In its light the fraud is quickly exposed, but the true man stands out in all his strength— <i>The Voyage of the Discovery: Capt. R. F. Scott, R.N.</i>
10	W	Epaphroditus my fellow-worker and fellow-soldier.— <i>Phil. 2, 25 (R. V.)</i>
11	TH	Fellow-workers, men that have been a comfort unto me.— <i>Col. 4, 11 (R. V.)</i>
12	F	Be not unequally yoked.— <i>2 Cor. 6, 14.</i>
13	S	Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together.— <i>Deut. 22, 10.</i>
14	S	Thy people shall be willing.— <i>Ps. 110, 3.</i>
15	M	The people blessed the men that willingly offered themselves.— <i>Neh. 11, 2.</i>
16	TU	Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily.— <i>Col. 3, 23.</i>
17	W	Knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward.
18	TH	Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee.— <i>Job 12, 7.</i> “‘Kid’ was the best working dog in our sledge team. The whip was never applied to his panting little form, and when he stopped it was to die from exhaustion.”— <i>Capt. R. F. Scott.</i>
19	F	Go to the ant, thou sluggard.— <i>Job 6, 6.</i>
20	S	What will ye? Shall I come unto you with a rod?— <i>1 Cor. 4, 21.</i>
21	S	To enquire in His temple.— <i>Ps. 27, 4.</i>
22	M	They were afraid to ask Him— <i>Mark 9, 32.</i>
23	TU	If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.— <i>James 1, 5.</i>
24	W	A wise man will hear,— <i>Prov. 1, 5.</i>
25	TH	And will increase learning. “Every person I meet I examine, and in this way knowledge increases like a snowball.”— <i>Dean Stanley.</i>
26	F	Increasing in the knowledge of God.— <i>Col. 1, 10.</i>
27	S	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.— <i>Ps. 119, 63.</i>
28	S	Thou shalt honour the face of the old man.— <i>Lev. 19, 32.</i>
29	M	My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.— <i>Prov. 1, 10.</i>
30	TU	My son, keep thy father's commandment.— <i>Prov. 6, 20.</i>
31	W	A time to die.— <i>Ecc. 3, 2.</i> “The last time I saw my grandfather, at Lasswade, then 90, he went a mile with me down the loan. At last he said, ‘I am weary,’ and sat down upon the milestone. After he had got his breath he went on: ‘My dear laddie, I shall never see you any more. I am getting very frail. There is only one thing I have got to do, and that is—to die. Ye are very young, but ye will hae to do the same and follow me. Now, be a good boy; read your Bible; obey your parents; farewell, Samuel.’”— <i>Samuel Smiles' Autobiography.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 11.



Lady Motorist: "A Canopy DOES make SUCH a difference!"

THE MORNING WATCH *Volume for 1906* will be ready on the 1st December, Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

*Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.
London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.*

And day by day, they did take their food with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all the people.—Acts 2, 46, R.V.

THE Greek word here translated *gladness*, ἀγαλλίασις, agalliasis, occurs four other times in the New Testament. It is one of the words in the angel's speech to Zacharias, in the sentence with which New Testament history begins, and it is one of the words of Elizabeth to Mary. In these two places it describes as great and solemn joy as was ever felt on earth. It is used further in Hebrews i, 9, of that infinite joy with which the Holy Ghost filled the Lord Jesus Christ, when, in eternal ages, He undertook the work of our redemption. It is used, lastly, by our Lord's Own brother, Jude, verse 24, to describe the joy our Saviour is to feel at last when He presents His ransomed ones before His Father's face. No word, therefore, could have greater meaning or more glorious associations, and it is with nothing less than feelings of astonishment that we find it in this strange and at first sight almost unworthy connexion. "They did eat their food with transports of joy."

When we have parted with a

friend, it seems almost inhuman to sit down and take a meal. We feel as if we were as bad as Jacob's sons when they took Joseph and put him into a pit, and then coolly "sat down to eat bread." When shame or fear oppresses us, we have no heart to eat, we do not care for food. Yet those disciples, though our Lord was now no longer with them, and they had so much in their treatment of Him to regret, and so much to fear as they looked forward to the days before them, were sharers of the joy of heaven even while doing the most commonplace of all earthly tasks. They took their food as it were from their Risen Saviour's hand. They had seen Him eat of the broiled fish and the piece of honeycomb which they had left. His eating proved that He was still, even in His estate of exaltation, bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Every meal was a proof to them, as it ought to be to us, of the Saviour's love.

When they took their food, further, they had fellowship not only with Him, but with His and their brethren. They were full of love to one another. They were right glad every time they met, for a saint is a man worth meeting.

Lastly, they were glad at meal times because they had always such great good news to tell, for the Lord was adding to their number day by day those that were being saved. How could any one apprehend such breadth and length and height and depth, and not be in a state of ecstasy?

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 113.)

What
is thy
name?

Rebecca

REBEKAH is said to be connected with a word which means *a cord with a noose or with loops for tying lambs*, and seems therefore to denote *one who has a winning captivating way*; just as, on the other hand, a wicked woman is said in Ecclesiastes to be one "whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her."

One of the great-grandmothers of Ralph Waldo Emerson the American philosopher was REBECCA WALDO. Her son the Rev. Joseph Emerson, "a heroic scholar," believed that it was good for a man to be poor, and used to pray every night that none of his descendants might ever be rich.

The roads to the unknown regions west of the Missouri in America during the mighty stream of immigration forty years ago were strewn with innumerable graves of men, women, and little children. One of the most noted of these may be seen about two miles from the town of Gering, Scott's Bluffs County, Nebraska. Around the lonely grave was fixed a wagon-tire—fit emblem of a finished course—and on it rudely scratched the name "REBECCA WINTER, 1852." The tire remains as it was originally placed, and, as if to immortalize the sad fate of the woman, many localities in the neighbourhood derive their names from that on the rusty old wagon-tire, "Winter Springs," "Winter Creek Precinct," "Winter Irrigation Co.," etc.—*The Great Salt Lake Trail*.

A good woman whom I know told me lately some things about her mother, whose maiden name was REBECCA STEEN. She and her husband occupied a little farm in the north of Ireland, and had for their neighbour a man of so bad a character that he was called, and regularly known as,—*"the devil."* What he would have termed his "proper" name I may not give, for his children are still alive and, happily, have redeemed the family name by not walking in their father's steps. "This man," said my friend, "used to drive his cattle into our ground at night after we were all in bed, but my mother knew it. My father was a quick hasty man, and to prevent a quarrel she rose at three in the morning and removed with her hands everything that showed that cattle had been there, and she would say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.' She suffered from dropsy. Her knees were terribly swollen, and before she knelt to pray she used to rub them to slacken them so that she could bend. She used to pray behind the byre door, and never went there in trouble, she said, without getting relief. She often warned us against untruthfulness, and if we were speaking carelessly would say, 'Watch! mind what the Bible says—"and all liars shall have

What
is thy
name?

Rebecca

their part"—and there she would stop (Rev. 21, 8). She was always telling us to keep near Him, and would say, 'If there is such a thing as a disappointment in heaven, I'll be disappointed if I don't meet you there.' When she was dying, and had been refreshed for a little by a drink of water, she said—and said it so lovingly—'*Fondly, fondly* would I have stayed with you, but I am more than half-way on my journey, and I *wouldn't* turn back now.' Our bad neighbour came to see her at the end, and when she was gone he said, 'If there is an angel in the good place, it's Rebecca;' and he refused to go away till we allowed him to have some hand in preparing her body for burial."

The Widow's Goat.

And the Lord gave the people favour in the sight of the Egyptians.—Ex. 12, 36.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring Me an offering. And this is the offering which ye shall take of them: gold, and silver, . . . and fine linen, and goat's hair.—Exod. 25, 1.

Yea, the swallow hath found a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine Own altars, O Lord of Hosts.—Ps. 84, 3.

And Aaron shall take two kids of the goats, and present them before the Lord, and shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scape-goat. . . . And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited.—Lev. 16, 5-22.

I.

'Twas all I had—a little goat;
God asked us for goat's hair;
Like wild bird's down, a silkier coat
There was not anywhere.

More white than wind-driven Red Sea
foam,
Purer than snow could be;
A slave had brought it to our home
And left it urgently.

"His master sent it to my boy,
For he had wrongèd us."

It came that night of fear and joy,
The Night of Exodus.

And when we hasted from our roof,
He took it in his arm,
And stroked each limb and little hoof,
And shielded it from harm;

And when proud Pharaoh's multitude
Sank to be seen no more,
The goat was saved, and meekly stood
Upon the further shore.

But came a day when my boy cried,
"Mother, my head! my head!"
I took him on my knees; he died,
Joined the twice ransomed.

I took the white and silky hair,
Three handfuls—all it had—
No poorer gift, I deem, was there,
Yet Bezalel seemed glad.

"Woman, thy gift accepted is,
And shall have honour'd place
Amongst the treasures that are His,
Before Jehovah's Face."

II.

But when the month of Abib came,
And they set up the Tent
For God to dwell in, Him Whose Name
Fills earth and firmament,



I looked and searched with straining
eyes,
But nothing could I see !
And could it be ?—did God despise
My child, my goat, and me ?

III.
It was the Twentieth of Zif :
The cloud of glory rose,
And God rebuked my unbelief
And put to shame my foes.

For when the Tent was taken down,
The place of God's Own rest,
Under the Brazen Altar's crown
They found a swallow's nest.

And there defiantly did dwell
She and her callow brood,
They saw the God of Israel,
And ate their daily food.

O wondrous love! O matchless grace!
'Tis written in a Psalm—
Two lodgers shared the Holy Place,
A bird, and The I AM!

Mōre wondrous still, the bird had lined
Her cunning nest with hair!
And never once had I divined
My humble gift was there!

My darling boy's own little pet—
The hair with which 'twas clad
God made a fledgling's coverlet,
And Bezalel was glad.

IV.

My cup was full, but God most high
Now made it to run o'er;
I heard the goat bleat joyfully—
Aaron was at the door!

"It is the month of Ethanim,
Greatest of all the year,
Your goat--the Lord hath need of him;
Woman, be of good cheer.

"God bids me take on the tenth day
Two goats—I know not why—
One goat to bear our sin away,
The other goat to die."

V.

I kissed the goat and bade him go,
For life, or sacrifice,

Whate'er his lot, and now I know
The Lord did not despise

My husband, child, my goat, or me,
But chose us for His own,
That we might come continually
Still closer to His throne.

My little goat, now thou art dead,
Are all thy labours o'er?
That *land that's not inhabited*—
Has it no further shore

From which thou mayest embark again
And cross another sea,
And share the things that appertain
To God, and mine, and me?

The Little Pilot.

*The Lord preserveth the strangers; He up-
holdeth the fatherless and widow.—Ps.
146, 9 (R. V.)*

CHAPTER I.

"THE God that made a woman
like you willing to marry a
man like me, and that has kept
you from ever once regretting it—
there's nothing too great or too
wonderful for Him to do. The
God that did a miracle like that
will do more miracles for you
before He's done."

That was what Mr. Kennedy, a
journeyman joiner in Glasgow, said
to his wife on the Monday night,
two days before he died.

On the Tuesday forenoon he
made a sign to his boy, then ten
years of age, to come and sit in the
bed beside him. After a little, he
took him by the hand, and said,
"O God, bless Willie for all his
kindness to his poor dying father,



and make him a good boy all his days, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

CHAPTER II.

Six weeks afterwards, Mrs. Kennedy, whose own health had given way through the night watchings and other hardships in which her husband's long illness had involved her, went, at their earnest request, to live with her husband's father and mother. They occupied

a little cottage near the sea in a wild and lonely part of the south of Scotland. They had only two or three neighbours, and these were by no means gracious to the young widow or her boy. She spoke no slander, no, nor listened to it, and *that* provoked them; her beauty made them jealous; and, besides, she was a widow and a stranger, and therefore one whom it was both safe and natural to ill-use.

"Her ladyship" was the name they gave her before a week was out, and the name stuck, for it suited her, as they to their own indignation and amazement both felt and saw. Many a time they devoutly wished they had called her something else.

CHAPTER III.

Attached to the house was a little garden twenty yards broad and thirty long. A garden was a new thing for the two, and as the November days were short and the school was three miles away, it was only on the Saturdays that Willie had any time for delving the bits that were ready.

The first time he took spade in hand he seemed to do so much the first few minutes that he thought a few hours would see his task ended, but it took him three Saturdays and some odd quarter-hours besides. If the old man had lived, or if his wife had been less frail, Willie and his mother would have learned much about gardening that it is well to know. But now they could only get lessons by watching their neighbours when their neighbours were not watching them. Once or twice when the boy put questions, he was told that Glasgow people "were a great deal too inquisitive."

CHAPTER IV.

Four hundred yards or so from the cottages there was a break in the cliffs, and a little sandy cove.

Of all the winds that blew there—and there was no lack of them—the north was the rarest, but it did blow once or twice every year. When it blew, but at no other time, somehow or other the cove was

almost choked up with sea-weed. Sea-weed makes fine manure, though neither Willie nor his mother knew that. But the cottagers did, and one Saturday in February they got as much of it as they wished. The returning tide and a changed wind swept the rest away, and on the Sabbath Willie and his mother were tauntingly told on their way home from church that they had lost the one chance they were likely to have for long.

Not to be beat, however, Willie went to the cove every day after that, and though he rarely got more than a handful or two, he brought it home. But he brought home some other things as well, bits of information, and lots of hard questions. He got to know the constant inconstant tides, and their ever changing times, and he found out something about the moon, and everything about the little bay. When early summer came, he taught himself to swim, and then one day he found a pitch-pine plank 20 feet long, and with that and a broken oar he made little voyages, and took soundings, and located all the rocks at the entrance to the bay. That came of reading Robinson Crusoe, which a minister in the district had wisely given as a New-Year prize for the boy who knew the *Shorter Catechism* best.

CHAPTER V.

Whether it was that they had been too greedy, or that their jealousy and hatred passed from their hearts into their eyes, and so fell in blight upon their gardens every time their owners looked at them, I do not

know, but, so it was, that Mrs. Kennedy's vegetables were far the best when the months of autumn came. Her little plot of ground was like Obededom's, a field which the Lord had blessed.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Kennedy had learned from her husband to keep a list of great days in her life, marking them on one of the fly-leaves at the end of the big Family Bible she got as one of her marriage gifts that happy, happy twenty-ninth of May.

Not the least famous of her dates is the 10th October, and I will tell you why. It was a Saturday, and there was the thickest fog she or her boy had ever seen. He meant to go a-brambling that forenoon, but first before breakfast he must go down and see the cove and how it looked with a great mist rolling in.

When he got there, judge of his surprise at hearing voices and the sound of escaping steam. Before he had time to think, the fog lifted, and there was a huge yacht ashore! Presently the fog came down again, but less densely. His first impulse was to run and tell his mother, but the people on board had seen him, and cried out to ask what part of the coast it was, and what was the nearest town. He had looked large to them as they saw him through the mist, but they knew now from his voice he was but a boy, and yet so clear and informing were his answers that they felt he was surely no common boy. Once more the fog began to lift, and then, in one moment, the sun shone out of a blue sky.

What a fine yacht it was, with

gentlemen and ladies too, on board! It was on its way from the Clyde to Liverpool, whence it was due to sail, on charter, the Friday after, for the Mediterranean. The yacht, happily, but very marvellously, had missed the rocks at the entrance to the little bay, but the captain, of course, wisely lowered a boat to take soundings, and make sure of his way before he should attempt to back off as he meant instantly to do, for the tide was rising rapidly.

CHAPTER VII.

When Willie saw the direction in which the first officer and the two men in the boat were going, he cried out to the captain, "There's no road that way, there are big rocks there." But, as was only natural, they never heeded him. When, however, they found, as they quickly did, that he was right so far, the captain, thinking he might be a fisherman's boy, cried out—"Do you know about the channel here?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "I know it very well, and there's only one way out. Tell the sailors to watch me, and when they get me in a line with that big tree they are to go straight out for 200 yards, and then they are all right." So saying he ran up the beach a bit, and then, looking now at the tree and now at some marks on the cliff, took up his position in such a way as convinced the captain in an instant that he knew what he was about.

"He's a smart boy that, and I feel we can trust him, but we'll make sure." And make sure they did, and within half-an-hour the yacht was backed safely out, apparently

without a single scratch, and better still, no one but a little boy had seen their misadventure. And that meant more to the captain than can be put in words, for he had pushed on in the fog the night before, against his own better judgment, at the bidding of his owner.

When all danger was past, little Kennedy ran to the brow of the cliff and cheered, and in return the ladies waved their handkerchiefs and the yacht dipped her flag and blew three quick short blasts with her horn! And then Willie ran home.

Meeting one of the neighbours on the way, he would have told her, I think, what had happened had she not silenced him by first asking him if he had been expecting the fog to bring in sea-weed. He smiled but said nothing. The curl of her lip was more than balanced by the dip of the ensign of a Yacht of 300 tons! When he told his mother, she smiled too, for she felt like Jacob when he heard of the obeisance paid to Joseph's sheaf. That mark of reverence was the presage of greater things to be.

CHAPTER VIII.

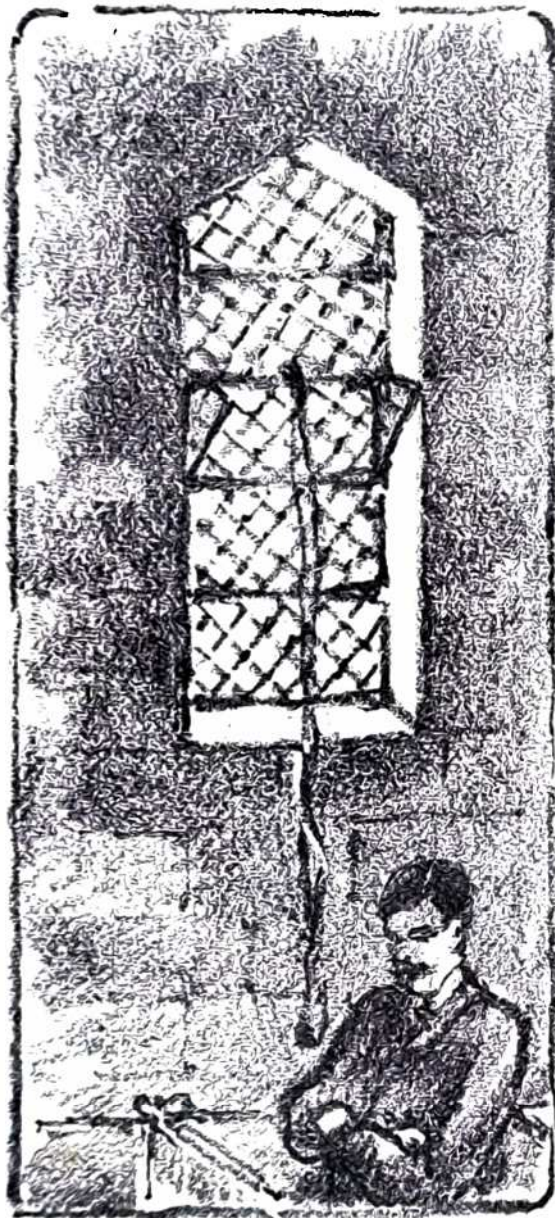
It will hardly be believed—indeed some would even take it as a proof of mental weakness—that it never occurred either to Willie or his mother that he should have got anything for what he did. And yet what he ought to get was almost the only thing the owner of the yacht and his friends thought and talked about all day, and now and again every day for a whole month. And then the owner's wife and her youngest daughter took

train to Scotland and made enquiries, and their three ladyships, as the neighbours said, seemed greatly taken up with one another.

When Lady Mary Pengleton returned home and reported all she had seen and heard—especially how the school-master had told her that Mrs. Kennedy's one ambition was to see her boy a minister, and that the boy's ambition was to pay his own way by winning scholarships—her husband, Sir Richard, said, "Then it seems to me we must just ask them to let us be their friends and we'll do whatever they bid us, as we did before, and shape our course as they tell us."

CHAPTER IX.

Meantime, I hear that the postman is complaining bitterly that Mrs. Kennedy's correspondence takes him now half-an-hour out of his way twice or thrice a week. "And if it was only letters I wouldn't mind, but it's books, and newspapers, and parcels, as well." But he gets no sympathy from the neighbours, whose views about Mrs. Kennedy have somewhat changed of late. And no wonder, for, that there is some connexion between these parcels and the suits and dresses their husbands and their little daughters are wearing now, both on week days and on Sabbath days, I have not the slightest doubt. And they have told the postman that what parcels Mrs. Kennedy gets is neither his business nor theirs, adding a little illogically, one must own, that all he has got to do with them is to carry them, and if he says much more, they will write to the Government!



Reasons for not going to Church. 8th Series.—No. 11.

This man broke two panes of glass with his stick at a political meeting last winter, amid tremendous cheering from the people in the gallery who were crying out "Open the windows." And the same man, who professes to have given up going to Church because of the bad ventilation, on being asked why he didn't open the window at the end of his seat—"all he had to do was to pull a cord"—replied, "Yes, and a fine thing it would have been to do, and have all the people staring at me!"

1	TH	My times are in Thy hand.— <i>Ps. 31, 15.</i> Chimes that keep time are neither slow nor fast : Not many are the numbered sands nor few : A time to suffer, and a time to do, And then the time is past.— <i>Christina Rossetti.</i>
2	F	Mine hour is not yet come.— <i>John 2, 4.</i>
3	S	Father, the hour is come.— <i>John 17, 1.</i>
4	S	It shall be said of Israel, What hath God wrought !— <i>Numb. 23, 23.</i>
5	M	Thou art my trust from my youth.
6	TU	Forsake me not when my strength faileth.
7	W	I will praise Thee yet more and more.— <i>Ps. 71.</i>
8	TH	The tables were written on both their sides.— <i>Ex. 32, 15.</i> “The dense web of the fortunes of man is woven without a void ; the structure is continuous.”— <i>Lord Acton.</i>
9	F	Thou hast beset me behind and before.— <i>Ps. 139, 5.</i>
10	S	Everlasting kindness.— <i>Is. 54, 8.</i>
11	S	O children of Israel, fight ye not against the Lord.— <i>2 Chron. 13, 12.</i>
12	M	He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh.— <i>Ps. 2, 4.</i>
13	TU	The stars in their courses fought against Sisera.— <i>Judg. 5, 20.</i> “During the Turkish war a whole Russian fleet chased a star, taking it for a ship’s light.”— <i>E. S. Politovsky.</i>
14	W	The sound of a driven leaf shall chase them ; and they shall flee as one fleeth from the sword.— <i>Lev. 26, 36 (R. V.)</i>
15	TH	And, lo, the star went before the wise men.— <i>Matt. 2, 9.</i>
16	F	If God is for us, who is against us ?— <i>Rom. 8, 31 (R. V.)</i>
17	S	He shall give His angels charge over thee.— <i>Ps. 91, 11.</i>
18	S	Make me to know my sin.— <i>Job 13, 23.</i>
19	M	Thou makest me to inherit the iniquities of my youth.—(<i>R. V.</i>)
20	TU	I do remember my faults this day.— <i>Gen. 41, 9.</i> “Ride fast and far as we may, we carry the past on our crupper.”— <i>Lowell.</i>
21	W	Though our iniquities testify against us,
22	TH	Work Thou, for Thy Name’s sake, O Lord.— <i>Jer. 14, 7 (R. V.)</i>
23	F	I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions.— <i>Is. 43, 25.</i>
24	S	Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.— <i>Is. 38, 17.</i>
25	S	The Lord hath performed His word that He spake.— <i>2 Cor. 6, 10.</i>
26	M	Able men, such as fear God, men of truth.— <i>Ex. 18, 21.</i>
27	TU	My people, children that will not deal falsely.— <i>Is. 63, 8 (R. V.)</i>
28	W	Sent letters with words of peace and truth.— <i>Esth. 9, 30.</i>
29	TH	There is no truth in the devil.— <i>John 8, 44.</i>
30	F	Six things doth the Lord hate.— <i>Prov. 6, 16.</i> In British ships 300 years ago the man who was first caught on Monday telling a lie was proclaimed at the main-mast “A Liar ! a Liar ! a Liar !” and for that week he was put under the swabbers and had to do all the dirty disagreeable work of the ship.— <i>Masefield’s On the Spanish Main.</i>

December, 1906.

One Halfpenny

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XIX.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 12.



"Ask now the fowls, and they shall tell thee."—Job 12, 7.

THE MORNING WATCH for 1906, Volume XX., is NOW READY. Price One Shilling.

Vols. I. to XIII. of "The Morning Watch," 1888-1900, are out of print.

Vols. XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII., 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: James M'Kelvie & Sons, Ltd.
Edinburgh & Glasgow: John Menzies & Co., Ltd.

London: The Sunday School Union 57 & 59
Ludgate Hill, E.C.

And, behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last.—Luke 13, 30.

IN his *Voyage of the Discovery* Captain Scott, R.N., C.B., tells of the pride he and the men who were with him felt when on the 21st October, 1903, they hauled a sledge six-and-thirty miles, and so established a world's record for one day's sledge travelling over ice.

He and some of his men, leaving their ship behind them, had set out on the 12th with four eleven-foot-long laden sledges on an inland journey, hoping to reach a high degree of latitude. Each man had to drag a load of a little over 200 lbs. When they had gone six days' journey, 87 miles, they found to their dismay that the German-silver runners of three of their sledges were so badly split and torn that there was nothing else for them to do but to return to the ship and have new ones put on. Every day was precious, for in those Antarctic regions, as in the Arctic, there are only three months of the year in which the sun rises above the horizon. During the other nine months they see only moon and stars.

Hurrying back as hard as they could, they never paused to pick a road, but went straight forward, like the Living Creatures in Ezekiel, taking all obstacles in their stride. They halted but once each day to snatch a hasty lunch. It was hard work pulling with their torn runners, yet they did 27 miles the first day and 24 the next. He had told his men the night before when they set up their tents, that while he and those with him meant to push on with all their might, he wished the others to take it more easily. These others at first had not intended to come on at racing speed, but when they saw the advance party striding off at such a pace, their feelings of emulation had been excited, and they felt bound to follow. On the second evening they were only one-and-a-half miles behind, and determined to catch their leader up in the early morning. But when they roused out, they found he was already preparing to be off. Then followed a long chase, but, despite all their efforts, they saw their Captain and his party growing more and more indistinct in the distance. Late in the afternoon they lost sight of him altogether, and then they saw for the first time that he had evidently set his heart on reaching the ship that night.

In spite of their lame and exhausted condition they determined to follow. Once or twice they halted to brew tea to keep themselves going, but not one of them suggested that the halt should be extended. In the hard struggle of the last few hours, if it had not

been for the little jests one or two of their number made which caused their comrades to laugh and press on, their strength must utterly have given way. One of them named Kennar had a special hand in cheering them. His attitude was one of grieved astonishment. Referring to his Captain, he had kept repeating, "If he can do it, I don't see why I can't. My legs are as long as his!"

When Captain Scott and his party reached the ship, the glow of satisfaction which they felt was more than excusable. They had made a world's record. But they kept it only for an hour or two. For presently a great shout of welcome announced the arrival of the others, and it was *they*, after

all, that had made and now hold the record. For whereas Captain Scott and his men did thirty-six miles, *they* did thirty-seven-and-a-half, for they had started that morning a mile-and-a-half behind him! So the first were last and the last were first.

Many who read these words have been "in Christ" for many, if not for all the months of this year, and have made great progress in their journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Let us, who have been behind them in starting, begin by God's grace to follow Christ to-day, and so press on as to make up on those "who were in Christ before us"; and where sin abounded grace shall much more abound.

What is Thy Name?—GEN. 32 27.

(Continued from page 124.)

What
is thy
name?

Dr. Robertson of Irvine makes a fine use of the account we have in Genesis of the meeting of Isaac and Rebecca in his little poem

Rebecca

THE VEILED BRIDE.

Veil'd the future comes refusing
To be seen, like Isaac's bride,
Whom the lonely man met musing
In the fields at eventide.

Mother Sarah being dead,
Cometh then his destiny;
Veil'd Rebecca he must wed,
Whatsoever her features be.

On he walks in silent prayer,
Bids the veil'd Rebecca hail!
Doubting not she will prove fair,
When at length she drops the veil.

When the veil is dropt aside,
Drops in Mother Sarah's tent,

What
is thy
name?

Rebecca

Oh! she is right fair, this bride
Whom his loving God has sent.

So then, walking 'twixt the two,
'Twixt the past, with pleasures dead,
And the future veil'd from view,
The veil'd future *thou* must wed.

Walk, like Isaac, praying God,
Walk by faith and not by sight,
And though darker grows the road,
Doubt not all will yet come right.

Things behind forgetting, hail
Every future from above!
Doubt not when it drops the veil,
'Twill be such as thou canst love.

REBECCA in the Bible found her husband at the well's mouth, so to speak, but there was a REBECCA LE BAS, a Northamptonshire lady, who, poor creature, lost hers there. She was the wife of Simon, first Earl Harcourt, 1714-1777. He was governor to the Prince who afterwards became George III. He was also Viceroy of Ireland, and while holding that office proposed a tax of two shillings in the pound on the rents of all absentee landlords. He lost his life by falling into a well, from which he was trying to pull out a favourite dog.

And as Rebecca owes all her fame to the way she treated Eliezer of Damascus and his camels, so there is one in English history who owes hers to the way she treated a creature of much less heroic proportions. Mrs. REBECCA SNOOKE—let us hope her husband's name was the worst of him—was the aunt of the Rev. Gilbert White, 1720-1793, whose *Natural History of Selbourne* is an English classic. She lived near Lewes in Sussex, and it was from her house to his own, eighty miles off, that he carried in a post-chaise the "old family tortoise," of which he speaks so often. "I was much taken," he says, "with its sagacity in discerning those that do it kind offices; for as soon as the good old lady comes in sight who has waited on it for more than thirty years, it hobbles towards its benefactress with awkward alacrity, but remains inattentive to strangers. Thus not only the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib, but the most abject reptile and torpid of beings distinguishes the hand that feeds it and is touched with the feelings of gratitude."

Of REBECCA SHORTHOUSE, grandmother of the late John Henry Shorthouse, 1834-1903, author of *John Inglesant*, it was said, "Her cheerful temperament, her real love for literature, her active beneficence, and her unfeigned piety, were indeed a rich inheritance for her descendants." She died in 1858.

"REBECCA," for a long time sextoness of St. Mary's Church, Oxford, used to station herself invariably near a certain door at the close

What
is thy
name?

Rebecca

of the University sermon, that she might get the bow of friendly recognition which Dr. Hawkins the Provost of Oriel College always gave her. Rebecca, according to Dean Burgeon in his *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, was quite an institution. Her memory went back to the pre-historic period. She had evidently learned to regard the ministers of St. Mary's in the light of an interminable procession of rather troublesome individuals. One of them, in 1863, was so rash one day as to say, "I wish, my dear, you wouldn't rattle your keys quite so loud when you unlock the pew-doors," whereupon she began to cry. "O don't cry, Rebecca." "I must cry:" then sobbing and soliloquizing—"First there was Master Hawkins with *his* ways:—then there was Master Newman with *his* ways:—then there was Master Eden with *his* ways:—then there was Master Marriott with *his* ways:—then there was Master Chase with *his* ways:—*and now there's you with yourn.*" When questioned about a certain one of them she invariably wound up her reply with,—Yes, it was *his* mother as gave *my* mother her six silver spoons." For example,—"Tell me, Rebecca, where he stood at such and such a part of the service." "He used to stand and do exactly as you do. . . . Yes, it was *his* mother," etc., etc.

Dr. R. W. Dale of Birmingham, a great Nonconformist minister who died a few years ago, had for his grandmother REBECCA YEATES. She died while her daughter, his mother, was still a child, and there is little said about her in his *Life*. But if one can tell what a girl is likely to become by looking at her mother, so one ought to be able to tell what a mother was by looking at her daughter. If that be so, then Dr. Dale's mother came out of a good nest. For ten years before his brother Thomas was born, Robert was an only child. His mother's one desire for "her Bobby" was that he should grow up to be a minister of the gospel. For this she seemed to live; for this she prayed incessantly; for this she laboured; for this she would make any sacrifice. From his birth she had given him to God. She died in 1854 on the day he agreed to become the colleague of the well-known John Angell James. Dr. Dale once said that his mother's deathbed was to him "a new chapter in the Evidences of Christianity."

Robina.

Of Oliver Cromwell's nine brothers and sisters the youngest was ROBINA, so named after her baby brother who had died the year before, aged 4 months, "that the name of the dead might not be cut off from among his brethren, and from the gate of his place." She married a Rev. Dr. French, and had a daughter Elizabeth, who became the wife of Archbishop Tillotson. When the marriage was first proposed Miss French desired to be excused, but her stepfather—for her widowed mother had married again—insisted, saying, "Betty, you shall have him, for he is the best polemical divine this day in England." If any of you wish to know the meaning of *polemical*, don't be lazy, but turn up the dictionary!

The Three Acorns.

"AND to think that in a hundred years I should have been a giant oak and might have been a seventy - four - gun man-of-war!"

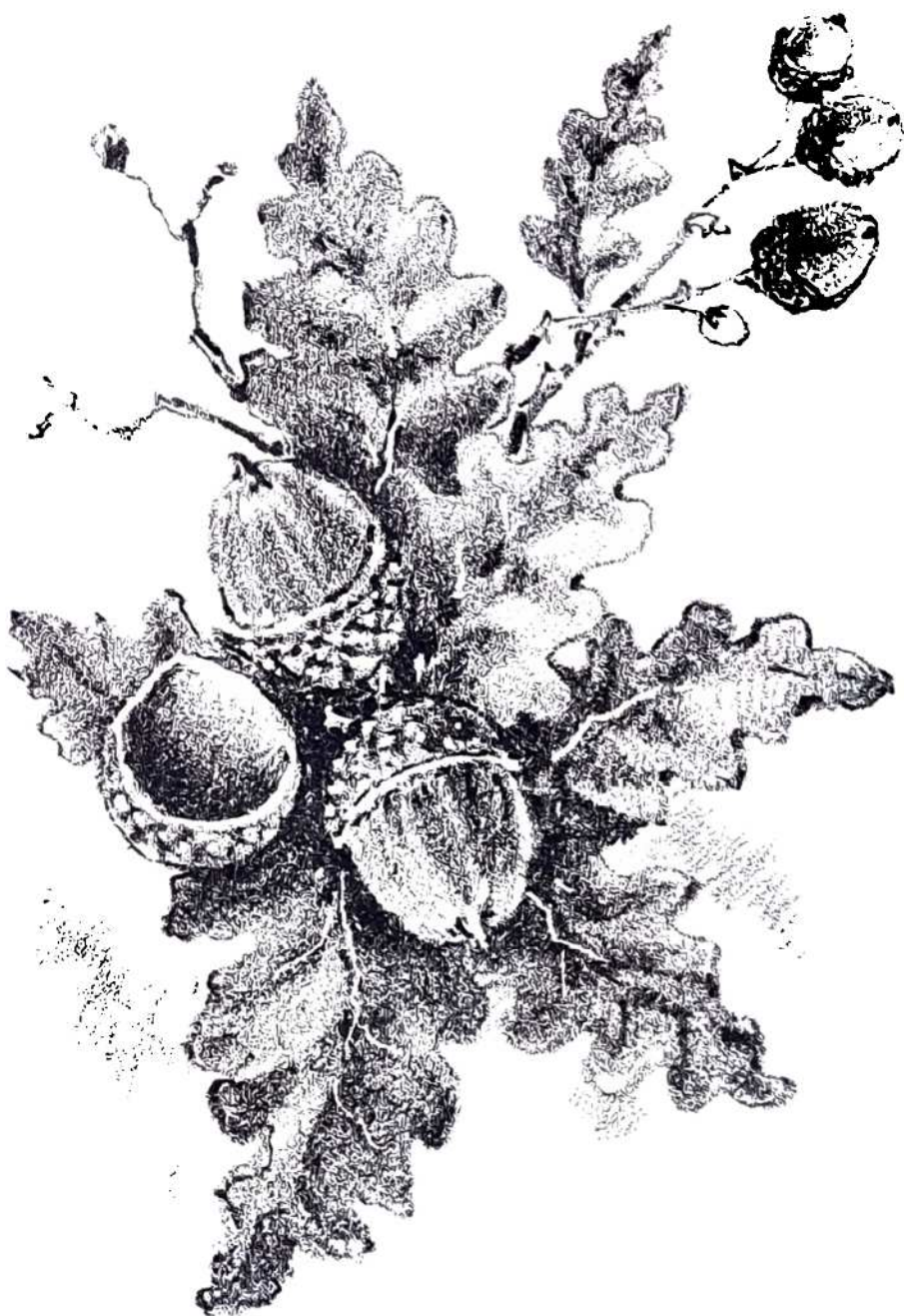
It was the autumn of 1806 and the Acorn that spoke was one of three on a little twig, blown down by the wind, that a girl had carried home and laid on the table of her room.

"Scarcely!" said one of the other Acorns. "Forty oaks to the acre, it takes fifty acres to make a battle-ship; at least you could only have been the 2000th part of one, and you might have been trampled into pulp by a cow and never been an oak at all."

"Or I might have been a magnificently carved chair, or a muniment chest, in some lordly hall."

"Yes, or perhaps a bundle of sticks to kindle a tinker's fire."

"Or," continued the Acorn, sighing, "I might have been the



side-board of a noble Duke—"

"Provided," said the other, "one of the gamekeeper's pigs hadn't gobbled you up."

"Or I might have been the bedstead of an Emperor—"

"Ay, unless you had been more usefully employed as a little bairnie's stool."

"But on the whole I think I should have preferred to be a man-of-war, winning battles against the French—"

"But what if the French had captured you, as they have done others, and you had won battles against the British? Anything is possible in war."

"Silence!" said the third Acorn. "Even as it is, we have had a happy life, and there is much we should be thankful for. Meantime we have made a little girl happy, and if, as I think she means to do, she draws our portraits and puts us in a book, we may do the world more good yet than any Emperor's bedstead ever did. But whether or not, let us neither forget our happy past nor fret about a future that is still uncertain and all unknown. Our times are in God's hand; let us stand contented in our lot till the end of the days."



"Whatsoever ye do, work heartily."—
Col. 3, 23 (R. V.)

"I HAVE only to say a word and my landlady or her niece will run any errand for me. Indeed the other day she exclaimed quite indignantly, 'Sir, do not say "When you go into the town, will you buy me this or that?" Are we robbers? are we scoundrels? Only say "Go," and I will go.'

"I never say to her, Will you do me a favour? without her replying, 'Two, sir!'"—*Dr. George Brandes' Recollections.*

I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.—Ps. 51, 3.

MARK TWAIN, in the chapters of his *Autobiography* now appearing in the *North American Review*, tells some beautiful stories about his daughter Susy, who died in 1896 in her twenty-fifth year. Here is one of them.

In the summer of 1880, when she was just eight years of age, the family, as usual at that time, were staying at a farm. Hay-cutting time was coming on, and Susy and her sister Clara were counting the hours for they had been told they would be allowed to mount the wagon and ride home from the fields on the summit of the hay mountain. This perilous privilege, so dear to their age and species, had never been granted them before. Their excitement had no bounds. They could talk of nothing but this epoch-making adventure, now. But misfortune overtook Susy on the very morning of the important day. In a sudden outbreak of passion she corrected Clara—with a shovel or a stick or something of the sort. At any rate, the offence committed was of a gravity clearly beyond the limit allowed in the nursery.

In accordance with the rule and custom of the house Susy went to her mother to confess, and to help to decide upon the size and character of the punishment due. It was quite understood that as a punishment was meant to act as a reminder, and to warn the transgressor against transgressing in the same way again, the children would

know about as well as any one else how to choose a penalty which would be rememberable and effective. Susy and her mother discussed various punishments, but none of them seemed adequate. The fault was an unusually serious one, and required the setting up of a danger-signal in the memory that would not blow out nor burn out, but remain a fixture there and be a warning for a long time to come. Among the punishments mentioned was deprivation of the hay-wagon ride. It was noticeable that this one hit Susy hard. Finally, in the summing up, the mother named over the list and asked: "Which one do you think it ought to be, Susy?"

Susy studied, shrank from her duty, and asked: "Which do you think, Mamma?"

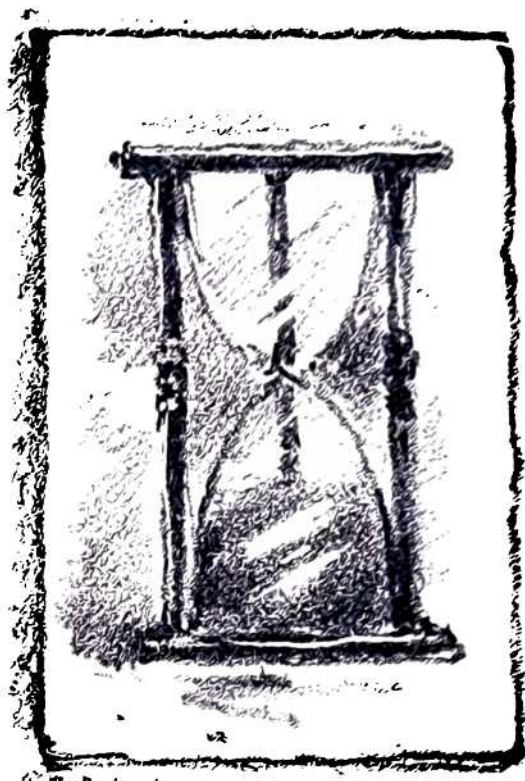
"Well, Susy, I would rather leave it to you. *You* make the choice yourself."

It cost Susy a struggle, and much and deep thinking and weighing—but she came out where any one who knew her could have foretold she would.

"Well, mamma, I'll make it the hay-wagon, because you know the other things might not make me remember not to do it again, but if I don't get to ride on the hay-wagon I can remember it easily."

And so it was, her father tells us, she got over her naturally passionate temper. It cost her much remorse and many tears before she learned to govern it, but after that, her temper was a "wholesome salt," and her character was the stronger and healthier for its presence.

But this I say, brethren, the time is short.—1 Cor. 7, 29.



Lost the Twopence!

THAT little lassie had been sent out by her auntie—you can see she has no mother by her dress—for a quarter of a stone of potatoes "and a ha'penny back," and she was not to stand trifling on the road or speak to anybody. But—was it happily, or unhappily? or both?—she met a menagerie passing along the street. And there was a great big elephant and two little ones, and she had never seen a wild beast before, and one of them, being accustomed to live on the community, put its long trunk into her basket, expecting fruit. What with fear and wonder and delight, she lost her wits, recovering them five

Lost the Twopence!



minutes afterwards only to find the twopence gone! And she will get a thrashing and will be told she had no business to look at the wild beasts—but she HAD, for it was God Who put them in her way, and He wished her to look at them and to admire them, as you may see from the forty-first chapter of the book of

Job. And so what does her auntie's displeasure or the thrashing matter after all? She saw elephants, and she saw God, though she will not be allowed either to eat or to drink to-day. And she has learnt to be careful, too. That twopence is the last money poor Katie will ever lose through any fault of her own.



Reasons for not going to Church. Stb Series.—No. 12.

This Girl's Minister, preaching on the Third Commandment a short time ago, spoke strongly against lotteries and raffles, whether in aid of Churches, or charities, or Art Unions. A few days after, to oblige a

cousin in Manchester who had sent her some tickets to sell for a large Bible with 30 coloured plates, maps of Palestine, and the Sinaitic Peninsula, plans of Jerusalem "as it was" and "as it is," she called on her minister and asked him to take one or two, at a shilling each. He refused, of course, pointing out to her, as gently as he could, that he thought that kind of thing altogether wrong. When she went away he gave her the three loveliest roses in his garden.

"My daughter," says her mother, "came home in tears, crying like to break her heart at the way he spoke to her. One would have thought a minister would have been the last man in the world to refuse to buy a Bible. Him and his roses! I can tell you they went into the fire pretty smart. But enter that man's church door again not one of us ever will, no, though there shouldn't be another church within 50 miles of us!"



"So sinks the Sun, to rise upon a Fairer Day."

1	S	God giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not.— <i>James 1, 5.</i> “A kindness harped on grows an injury.— <i>Stephen Phillips’ Nero.</i>
2	S	For God sent not His Son to condemn the world,
3	M	But that the world through Him might be saved.— <i>John 3, 17.</i>
4	Tu	I fell upon my face. And He said, Stand upon thy feet.— <i>Ez. 1, 28.</i>
5	W	Many rebuked him, that he should hold his peace;
6	Th	But he cried out the more a great deal.
7	F	And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called.— <i>Mark 10, 48.</i>
8	S	He lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill.— <i>1 Sam. 2, 8.</i> “There is a great man who makes every man feel small, but the real great man is the man who makes every man feel great.”— <i>Chesterton’s Dickens.</i>
9	S	Your adversary the devil walketh about.— <i>1 Pet. 5, 8.</i>
10	M	The old serpent, the deceiver of the whole world.— <i>Rev. 12, 9 (R. V.).</i>
11	Tu	We are not ignorant of Satan’s devices.— <i>2 Cor. 2, 11.</i> “A good General penetrates his adversary’s brain.”— <i>Col. Brackenbury.</i>
12	W	Satan fashioneth himself into an angel of light.— <i>2 Cor. 11, 14 (R. V.).</i>
13	Th	Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you.— <i>Luke 22, 31.</i>
14	F	But I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.
15	S	Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.— <i>James 4, 7.</i>
16	S	Then they sang His praise.— <i>Ps. 106, 12.</i>
17	M	They soon forgot His works. “My lady T. has been dying, and was woefully frightened, and took prayers (<i>i.e.</i> , conducted family worship); but she is recovered now, even of her repentance.— <i>Horace Walpole’s Letters.</i>
18	Tu	Your goodness is as a morning cloud.— <i>Ios. 6, 4.</i>
19	W	Therefore they shall be as a morning cloud.— <i>Ch. 13, 4.</i>
20	Th	Ye were made sorry after a godly sort.
21	F	Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation,
22	S	A repentance which bringeth no regret.— <i>2 Cor. 7, 9 (R. V.).</i>
23	S	Take heed lest haply your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting,
24	M	And that day come on you suddenly as a snare.
25	Tu	Watch ye at every season. “‘Surprise is the deadliest of all foes,’ a more terrible instrument of war than even the repeating rifle or the Maxim gun.”— <i>Col. Henderson’s Science of War.</i>
26	W	Making supplication.
27	Th	That ye may prevail to stand before the Son of Man.— <i>Luke 21, 34 (R. V.).</i>
28	F	If the goodman had known what hour the thief would come.— <i>Luke 12, 39.</i>
29	S	Let us watch and be sober.— <i>1 Thess. 5, 6.</i>
30	S	The former troubles are forgotten.— <i>Is. 65, 16.</i>
31	M	For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth. Oh rainy day! Oh days of sun! What are ye all when the year is done? Who shall remember the sun and the rain? Oh years of loss! Oh joyful years! What are ye all when Heaven appears?— <i>Christina Rossetti.</i>